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"I cracked the whip over Rosin."

THAT BABY IN TUSCALOO.

BY HARTLEY CAMPBELL.

I.

Bo! You're all the way from Kansas,
And know my Jennie there;
Well, I'm mighty glad to see you;
Just take that vacant chair.
You don't seem much of a stranger,
Though never here before;
Jack, take the gentleman's beaver
And hang it 'hind the door.

II.

What! five whole days on the journey,
Comin' by boat and car?
Good gracious! who'd have thought Jennie
Could ever live so far
Away from the Youghioghony,
The farm, and mountain blue—
I wouldn't believed it of her,
And that's 'twixt me and you.

III.

You say she's not very lonely;
Then *she* don't feel the worst.
WHAT! Jennie has—got—a—baby?
You should have said that first.
And now please repeat it over,
I can't believe my ear;
Just think—my—Jennie—a—mother,
Pshaw, now, what's this?—a tear?

IV.

Here, Jack, run off to the kitchen—
Tell mother to come quick!
Let the bakin' go to thunder,
Let her not strike a lick
'Till she hears the news from Kansas,
'Twill make her very vain.
So, you know the little one's mother:
Your hand we'll shake *again*.

V.

Perhaps you may think me foolish
For makin' such a row,
But you must excuse an old man—
Mind, I'm a Grand-Pa now.
Well, well, how the years slip by us
Silent, and swift, and sly,
For all the world like the white clouds
Drifting along the sky.

VI.

But only in *this* they differ—
We're goin' with the years
Into the harbor of old age,
Up to the silent piers,
Where each may discharge his burden,
And furl his wrinkled sail,
And thank the heavenly Master
Who saved him through the gale.

VII.

But what is the use of talking,
I'm just bustin' with joy,
I'd like to whoop like an Ingun—
You tell me it's a *boy*?
And she called him for her father;
You see, *she* don't forget
The old man what used to nurse her
And play "peep" with his "pet."

VIII.

Stranger, your message has called up
A night long, long ago—
The night I came to this mountain
Through blinding wreaths of snow.
We came in a Conestoga,
Only my wife and I;
She but the bride of a twelvemonth,
Slender and coy and shy.

IX.

We started in shinin' weather,
But then it blew up cold,
And the snow fell thick and heavy
And down the mountain rolled.
In drifts as big as the wagon.
Ah! sir, that was a storm;
Each tree wore a crop of feathers—
Pretty, but not so warm.

X.

The snow kind of stopped our motion,
Night hedged us all about,
And then I began to wonder
How we'd weather it out.
Just then, as my luck would have it,
Jane said she felt quite queer;
Can you dream how I felt then, sir,
With not a woman near.

XI.

The wind moaned among the branches,
I thought 'twould pierce me through;
Said I, Jane, there's but one of me—
My coat may save you two.
She cried, and refused to take it:
Man-like, I had my way,
Then on that mountain I knelt down,
And O, how I did pray.

XII.

Prayed for the night to be over,
Prayed for a human form,
Prayed for the Father to shelter
My pride and hope from harm.
But be sure my prayer was answered,
For far up there on high,
Angels came out with little lamps
And hung them in the sky.

XIII.

I cracked the whip over Rosin,
Told Jim to get along,
And then with a rush we started—
I broke into a song:
Not that I felt much like singing,
But I had often heard
That folks in Jane's way were skeery,
So I sung like a bird.

XIV.

Well, I reached this place 'bout midnight,
Packed Jane in with a smile,
Then ran to the nearest neighbor—
And that was half a mile.
At the door I kicked and pounded,
And made my trouble known—
You can bet your bottom dollar
I didn't come back alone.

XV.

The women folks built a fire,
I stood out in the hall,
And there I shivered and trembled
Until there came a squall.
It wasn't much of a holler,
But it gave me a start,
And I think from that blest moment
I've had a bigger heart.

XVI.

But pshaw! let's change the subject,
You are too young a man
To grasp such delicate questions,
Or yet to understan'.
So I'll not bother you further
'Bout Jennie's babyhood,
But anyhow this I will say,
She was pretty and good.

XVII.

There's no use keepin' a secret,
She married 'gainst our will,
A lad by the name of Jackson,
Whose father kept the mill.
I thought he was sort of shiftless,
Though he was big and strong,
And I told my daughter kindly,
He'd *never* get along.

XVIII.

I'll not soon forget her answer,
'Twas spoken like a queen.
Said she: "I will take the chances,
Whatever comes between."

"What!—Just flip me your fin, my youngster!"

What *I* said I don't remember,
My anger did the rest,
And that night Jennie and Jackson
Left for the distant West.

XIX.

No one can know what I suffered—
I walked about all day,
With a face as white as chalk, sir,
And tried, but could *not* pray.
Now a man can't reach his Maker
With heart so full of scorn
Against an honest fellow man,
Who for some good was born.

XX.

You ask did I forgive Jennie?
My precious little kid!
Big tears swept away my hate, sir,
Forgive? Of course I did.
"Well, old man, I'm that Bill Jackson—
Can't you my face recall?"
What!—just flip me your fin, my youngster!
Ah! now I see it all.

XXI.

You'll surely forgive my prattle;
The hard, hard words I sed
When you and Jennie were courting,
And after you were wed.
That baby way out in Kansas,
That boy in Tuscaloo,
Has made me love its big father;
Now what can't babies do?

CAST UP BY THE SEA!

By Mrs. Henry Wood,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Monckton, an American officer, in the course of his travels in England, finds himself at a village called Daneshold, in a wild part of the coast, over one hundred and fifty miles distant from London. In the vicinity of the Castle he meets the Dane family—Lord and Lady Dane, Captain Dane, their son; and Lady Adelaide Errol. He introduces himself, is cordially welcomed by Captain Dane, whom he had formerly known when in America, and after some conversation Colonel Monckton takes him on board his yacht, which had brought him here.

Meanwhile Ravensbird, Captain Dane's servant, in a conversation with Lady Adelaide's French maid, Sophie, learns that while Lady Adelaide has been openly encouraging and receiving the attentions of Captain Dane, and all but engaged to him, she is secretly attached to Herbert Dane, his cousin, and meets him every night at the ruins of an old chapel close by. He is indignant at her treachery to his master, and at first incredulous; but Sophie tells him, if he will not believe her, to go that night to the ruins, and see for himself.

He does, and, himself unseen, witnesses the meeting of the lovers in the ruined chapel on the height overlooking the sea, and heard Lady Adelaide say she wished that Captain Dane was in that sea.

Ravensbird, being now convinced of Lady Adelaide's treachery, the next morning asks for a private interview with Capt. Dane, his master, which ends in a violent quarrel between them, and in Ravensbird being kicked down the stairs and dismissed from the castle. He leaves, uttering the most violent threats against Captain Dane on account of the insult given him.

That same night, Lady Adelaide, who has been out wandering by moonlight, comes rushing back, shrieking and in violent hysterics—declares she has been to the ruined chapel, and, though she saw nothing, got frightened, and thinking a ghost was after her, ran home shrieking.

About the same time, Mitchel, the preventive man, was on the same spot, in pursuance of his duty. To his horror, he sees by the bright moonlight, two men struggling on the edge of the cliff, one fall over, and then awful shrieks. On going up to the fallen man he recognizes to his horror the body of Captain Dane. Dazed and bewildered, he rushes off for aid to the coast guard station, where he had no sooner arrived than he gets a fit before he can tell what he has seen. The consequence is, before he recovers and can tell, and the men go to find the body, the tide has come up, and covered the spot where the body was lying. No trace of it, of course, can be found. They then go in a body, taking with them Herbert Dane, whom they pick up *en route*, to the castle, and break the sad news to Lord and Lady Dane. Lord Dane is at first incredulous, but, on making thorough inquiries and investigations, gives orders to apprehend Ravensbird and bring him before him the following morning.

Ravensbird meets the inspector of police the next morning, and on hearing of the murder, loudly protests his innocence. He is, however, arrested and brought before Lord Dane. Mitchel, the preventive officer, not being present to be examined as witness, Lady Adelaide Errol is called up and questioned by the police inspector as to what she saw and heard on that fatal night at the ruins. Her examination ends in her being so overcome as to fall down in a dead swoon.

Mitchel, having by this time made his appearance, is examined; declares he did not recognize who was the man struggling with Captain Dane on the cliff, and never said it was Ravensbird, only suspected him from his having uttered threats against the captain for having been kicked out of the castle. Ravensbird after this proves so satisfactory an *alibi*, that Lord Dane, the lawyer, and the police, however reluctantly, are obliged to discharge him from custody.

CHAPTER V.—[Continued.]

"Only to be retaken," observed Lord Dane, as the man quitted the hall. "I do not clearly, at present, understand how it could be; either there is an error in the stated time, or some other false plea has been set up; but that Ravensbird is the guilty man, I feel a positive conviction. And he will soon be retaken on the charge."

"Not he," angrily dissented Mr. Apperly, who was more vexed than anybody at the termination; not that he was a malicious man, but *his* mind also was fully made up. "Now that he has got his liberty, my lord, he'll be putting distance between himself and this place with the seven-leagued boots of Jack in the fairy tale; and when anything fresh turns up to retake him upon, he'll be *non est*."

"I could not do otherwise," returned Lord Dane. "I could not commit him in the teeth of evidence. Nevertheless, I am certain the man is guilty; and the very fact of his refusing to state where he was, or how he passed his time during a portion of the evening, would almost condemn him. An innocent man has nothing to conceal."

Near the gate before mentioned, stood Herbert Dane, when Ravensbird was released from the castle. Not perched upon it, as was his wont in gayer times, but leaning against it in pensive sadness. That the untimely fate of his cousin gave him much concern, was evident. His looked exceedingly surprised to see Ravensbird approach, released from the handcuffs, and unattended by the guardians of the law.

"What! have they let you off, Ravensbird?" he uttered, as the man neared him.

"Could they do otherwise, Mr. Herbert?" was the response of Ravensbird, stopping short before him, as though he disdained to shun inquiry.

"Do otherwise!" echoed Herbert. "Why, the whole place is saying that there never was a clearer case. Mitchel testifies that he saw you push him over."

"No, he does not, Mr. Herbert," steadily answered the man, bringing his piercing black eyes to bear fully on the face of Herbert Dane.

"Has he eaten his words, then, before my lord?"

"No, sir. He never spoke the words; it was a misconception altogether. When you see Mitchel, you had better inquire for yourself, and you will find that he did not distinguish who the strugglers were. He would not have known the captain, but for his falling at his feet."

"And so, on the strength of the uncertainty, they have given you your liberty! I suppose you will hasten now to put the sea or some equally effective barrier, between you and England."

"Why should I?" returned Ravensbird. "An innocent man does not fly like a craven."

Herbert Dane very nearly laughed.

"Innocent!" he exclaimed, his tone savoring of ridicule. "You know, Ravensbird, it is of no use to be on the exalted ropes before me. The words you spoke in my presence, yesterday morning, in this very spot, the threats of vengeance you uttered against your master, would be enough to hang you. But——"

"Do you believe me guilty, Mr. Herbert?" interrupted the man, drawing nearer with his fixed, penetrating eyes.

"I was about to say, Ravensbird, that you are safe for me," proceeded Herbert Dane. "I make no doubt that you dropped the words in the heat of passion, almost unconscious (if I may express it) that I was within hearing, to take cognisance of them. I felt sorry for you at the time, feeling that my cousin, in *his* passion (whatever may have called it forth), must have been unjustifiably harsh, and I will not put myself forward against you. Moreover, were you gibbeted on the nearest tree this day, it could not bring your master back to life."

"Sir," repeated Ravensbird, in the same calm, matter-of-fact voice. "I asked if *you* believed me guilty."

"What a superfluous question!" was the retort. "Do you suppose there's a soul in the place but must believe it?—although you have contrived to escape bonds. You ask me if I believe you guilty, when I say that I could hang you!"

"Then why don't you hang me?" returned Ravensbird.

"I have told you why. I do not care to go out of my way to do you harm; and it could not benefit the dead. But guilty you certainly are."

The way in which Ravensbird stood his ground before Herbert Dane, stony, self-possessed, not a muscle of his face changing, not a tremor in his voice, and his searching eyes never moving from Herbert's face, astonished the latter not a little.

"Then let me tell you that I am *not* guilty, Mr. Herbert," spoke Ravensbird. "Let me tell you something more, shall I?"

"Well!" responded Herbert, lifting his questioning eyes.

"That I could this hour put my finger out upon the guilty person. As certain as that you and I, sir, are standing here face to face, I know the one who did the deed."

"What absurd treason are you uttering now?" demanded Herbert, after a pause of blank astonishment.

"No treason, and nothing absurd," was the undaunted reply. "I could lay my hand upon the party who murdered my master, as readily as I now lay it upon this gate. But I don't choose to do it; I bide my time."

Herbert Dane stared at the speaker from head to foot, wondering, possibly, whether the man was not giving utterance to a most audacious falsehood.

"Will you venture to assert—allowing that you were not one of the actors in it—that you witnessed the scuffle on the heights?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I did not witness it; I was not there. I was in the public room at the Sailor's Rest at the time it took place, which proved fact has baffled my lord and the police, and I compelled them to release me. But I know who was on the heights, though I was not."

"And what may be your reasons for holding it secret, if you know so much?"

"That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to myself," was Ravensbird's reply. "But I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will not again accuse me of being the guilty man. Good-day, sir."

Ravensbird turned off towards Daneshold as he concluded, and Mr. Herbert Dane stood watching him, deep in puzzled thought. Not until the former was out of sight did he awake from his reverie, and then he bent his steps towards the castle.

"I'll know, at any rate, what grounds they had for letting the fellow off," cried he, in soliloquy.

He had reached the castle gate, when it was suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing out Mr. Apperly. In another minute Herbert was in possession of the facts testified—that Ravensbird had been in the Sailor's Rest at the time of the catastrophe.

"But, let be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued the lawyer, in excitement. "I can't question the good faith of the witnesses, for I believe them to be honest, and Hawthorne and his wife, at all events, would be true to the Dane family; but some trickery is at work, something is up; the hands of the clock were surreptitiously put back, or some other devilry. Ravensbird's the guilty man, and it will turn out so."

"What do you think, Bruff?" questioned Herbert, as Mr. Apperly marched hastily away, and they stood looking after him.

"Well, sir, we don't—us upper servants—know what to think. If appearances—that is, the quarrel with his master, and his revengeful threats—hadn't been so much against him, we should not have suspected Ravensbird, for he never seemed that sort of bad man. Then, again, the evidence just given has posed us, for if Ravensbird was at the Sailor's Rest, he couldn't have been here on the heights."

"Very true," responded Herbert, in a mechanical tone, as though his thoughts were elsewhere. "There appears to be some mystery over it."

"They had my Lady Adelaide before them in the hall this morning," proceeded Bruff, dropping his voice, "and put the oath to her."

"Lady Adelaide!" quickly repeated Herbert. "Why, what does she know?"

"It seems she saw the scuffle, sir, or partially saw it—as, of course, we servants suspected before, and that it was what frightened her—and the inspector thought she might have recognized the assailant."

"And did she?" asked Herbert Dane.

"Neither him nor the captain, sir. She was too frightened, she says, and knows nothing."

"Open the door, Bruff. I am going in to my lord."

Lord Dane was alone when Herbert entered the hall. His lordship gave his nephew the heads of what had transpired, dwelling much upon the testimony of the witnesses which tended to establish the *alibi*, but avowing his positive belief, in spite of it, that Ravensbird had been the man. Herbert agreed; and quitting the hall, went upstairs to the drawing-rooms.

Lady Adelaide was alone. Herbert began speaking, in a low and cautious tone, his eyes ranging round the room, as though he feared the walls might have ears, of the catastrophe of the previous night. He was proceeding to ask what she had seen, what had caused her to scream in the manner reported, when she vehemently interrupted him.

"Don't enter upon it! don't speak to me! If ever you so much as touch upon it to me by the faintest allusion, I will never willingly suffer you to come into my presence again."

He gazed at her in utter surprise. He could not understand either her words or her vehemence.

"What do you mean, Adelaide? This to me?"

"Yes; to you or to any one. I will not be questioned or reminded of the horrors of last night. I could not bear it."

Herbert Dane felt vexed, considerably chafed, and he showed it in his rejoinder.

"Does this indicate grief, inordinate grief for the loss of your declared lover?"

"Never mind what it indicates," she answered, bursting into tears. "Now that he is gone, I feel how unjustifiable was my deceitful treatment of him. And if a promise of mine to marry him the next hour would recall him to life, I would joyfully give it."

"You are unhinged, my dear," whispered Herbert Dane, thinking it better to bury his annoyance and surprise, and to soothe her; but that she really was so unhinged as to be scarcely responsible for what she said, he believed. "What a pity it is," he more impetuously broke forth, "that you went near the ruins last night."

"I went there, hoping to meet you," she reproachfully interrupted.

"My dearest, I know it," he hastened to put in, in an appeasing tone. But she would not let him continue, drowning his words with her own.

"You told me in the day you should not be there, if some friends came, whom you were expecting; but you were alone, after the train came in, and I judged that they had not come. Moreover, I saw some one, as I stood at this window, going towards the ruins in the moonlight; I thought it might be you. And you reflect upon me for having gone!"

"Adelaide, what *is* the matter? What have I said or done to offend you? Are you angry because I did not go to the ruins? The two Eccingtons had given me a half promise to come over yesterday and dine, but they did not keep it; I did not much think they would. Of course I could have gone to the ruins—and *should*, had I known you would be there. I did not suppose you would go, not expecting me, and I had a reason for stopping at home. Harry Dane had said he would call in and smoke a manilla; nine o'clock was the hour he mentioned, but he was proverbially uncertain, and might have made his appearance earlier. I did not deem it expedient to be out when he came."

Lady Adelaide vouchsafed no answer. She sat with her pale face cast down, playing with the ornaments attached to her chain. Mr. Herbert Dane resumed.

"You speak and look as though you had a reproach to cast to me, Adelaide. What is the cause? How have I offended you?"

She rose up from her chair, and Herbert noticed, as she raised one hand to push her hair from her brow, that the hand was shaking. She followed the bent of his eyes, and saw that he observed her tremor.

"I am—as you remarked but now—unhinged to-day, not fit for the society of any one," she said. "I did not intend to cast a reproach to you for not meeting me at the ruins."

And, sweeping past him, she was quitting the room, when he laid his hand on her arm, to detain her.

"A moment, Adelaide. You may surely tell to me what you would not to others—if you have anything to tell; anything you are concealing. Did you *not* recognize Harry Dane's adversary last night?—not by the faintest shadow of a clue? Every conjecture would point to Ravensbird, yet the man says, earnestly, that he is innocent."

Her face grew ashy white as she stood confronting him, and twice she essayed to speak, ere any sound would come from her bloodless lips.

"I was had down there this morning," she said, pointing to the floor with her hand, to indicate the hall underneath. "I was marshalled, like a criminal, before my lord, and the police, and the lawyers—I know not whom. They made me take the oath; they put to me the question that you are doing. I told them I was unable to testify to the recognition of any one; I was too terrified last night to notice, or to retain recognition. If I could not answer them, do you think it likely I can answer you? You forgot yourself when you asked me."

"Forgot myself!" repeated Herbert, wondering more and more at her strangeness of manner.

"Yes, forgot yourself; or you would not so have spoken upon the very heels of my caution. I will forgive this, I will pass it over, believing you transgressed it through forgetfulness; but never, never you attempt to open the subject to me again, for I would not suffer it with impunity."

She quitted finally the room, and Herbert advanced to the door and followed her with his eyes. He had never seen her like this. Always gay, always light-hearted, always loving and confidential to him had she hitherto been. What had changed her? What had invoked her present dark mood? A contraction of perplexity knitted his brow, as, he gazed after her; but she did not turn to look at him; at other times her nods and her smiles had been his till she was out of sight. She sped on to her own apartments, and Herbert Dane quitted the castle.

That Lady Adelaide's conduct, touching the affair, was unaccountable, all must admit, but upon none had it made so deep an impression as upon the police inspector. After she had given her evidence, after Mitchel's remark that it might have been a woman, after Ravensbird appeared to be cleared, a most extraordinary idea flashed into the officer's mind, and grew there; was Lady Adelaide the one who had been disputing on the heights with Captain Dane?

CHAPTER VI.

THE PACKMAN—THE DEATH-ROOM.

But, ere long, another phase in the strange story was to be turned. As Herbert Dane was strolling down towards Danesheld from the castle, he encountered a man well known in the locality—better known than trusted, indeed. His name was Drake, and his ostensible occupation was that of a fisherman, to which he added as much smuggling as he could accomplish with impunity. He took off his blue woolen cap, made after the form of a cotton nightcap, to salute Mr. Herbert Dane.

"A fine horrid tale I've been a hearing of, master, since our boat got in," began he. "Folks be a saying as the captain's got murdered, and his body a floating away in the sea; Davy Jones on'y knows to what part. Be it true?"

"It is an incomprehensible affair altogether, Drake, and seems to be shrouded in mystery; but I fear it is only too true. The body has not been found."

"Who was it as attacked him on the heights, master?"

"Ah! that's the question," was Herbert's response.

"They be saying, down in the village yonder, as it turns out not to have been the captain's servant, though the thing was first put upon him, and he was took up."

"I know they are saying it; at least I make no doubt they are."

"Well, now, master, perhaps I can throw some light upon this here. 'Twon't be much, though."

"You!" returned Herbert, gazing at Drake.

"Yes, me. I had been up to Nut Cape, for I wanted to have a talk with old—that is—that is, I had been up the road past the castle——"

"Never mind speaking out, Drake," interrupted Herbert Dane, significantly, for the man had got confused when he broke off. "You had been up to Nut Cape to hold one of your confabs with that old smuggler, Beecher; that's about the English of it. But if I saw you pushing in a boat-load of contraband goods under my very eyes, you might do it, for me; I have no sway in the place, that I should interfere, and I concern myself with nobody's business but my own. So go on, fearlessly."

"Well, I had been up to old Beecher's," acknowledged Drake, "but only for a yarn—indeed, master, nothing else. I stopped there longer than I ought, and was coming back again full pelt, afraid the boat might put off without me, when I heard voices in dispute."

"Whereabouts?" asked Herbert.

"I was on the brow of the heights, had kept close to it all the way, and was just abreast o' them ruins o' the chapel, between it and the sea, when my ear caught the sound. It seemed to come from the direction of the castle, and I cut across towards it, thinking I'd spare a moment, to see what the row was. Standing about midway between the ruins and the castle were two men; the one was speaking in a harsh, commanding tone, and I had got a'most up to him when I saw it was Captain Dane. Seeing that, of course I cut away again."

"Where do you say this was?" demanded Herbert, pausing some moments before he spoke.

"Between them ruins and the castle, a trifle nearer the castle, maybe. 'Tother man was a stranger."

"A stranger?"

"Leastways he was a stranger to me; I'd never seen him afore, to my knowledge. A biggish sort of fellow, with a pack in his hand."

"A pack!" uttered Herbert again.

"Or som'at that looked like one. If 'twasn't a pack, 'twas a big parcel. I didn't take much notice of him, seeing the other was the captain. The captain was blowing him up."

"In what terms?" cried Herbert, with vivid eagerness. "Can you remember?"

"'How dare you, fellow?' I heard him say, and those were all the words I caught distinct. But I heard them both at it, railing like, as I steered off."

"What time was this?"

"Well, now, I can't be positive to a quarter of an hour," was Drake's reply. "'Twas past eight, and it 'twasn't near nine; I should guess it might be a quarter past eight, rather more, maybe."

Herbert Dane mused; he was revolving the information.

"Are you sure, Drake," he asked, "that it was not Ravensbird?"

"Be I a otter, master, to have no sense in my eyes?" was Drake's response. "'Twasn't no more like Ravensbird than 'twas like me or you. 'Twas a chap rising five foot ten, with very broad shoulders."

"You must speak of this affair before Lord Dane."

"I was on my way to the castle now, to do it; I knows my duty. Not but what I'd rather go ten miles t'other way, than face his lordship."

Herbert Dane laughed.

"He is not so lenient to you smugglers as you would like, and you fear him. But, if you can help his lordship to trace out this assaulter of his son, it will no doubt atone for some old scores, Drake."

"Any ways it's my duty, having seen what I did see. And I'm not agoing to shirk it, master."

He proceeded towards the castle, and Herbert Dane continued his way in the direction of Danesheld. But scarcely had he taken many steps when a slight bend in the road brought him to a milestone, hidden from his view previously; and half seated upon it, deep in thought, was Ravensbird.

"You are in a brown study, Ravensbird."

The man positively started. He had been so buried with himself as to be oblivious to the approach, and the voice aroused him abruptly.

"I was absent in last night's work, sir; that is, my spirit was," was Ravensbird's reply. "I did not hear you come up."

"Ravensbird," returned Herbert Dane, "if a man has been led into an error, the least he can do, is, to acknowledge it, when his mind opens to the conviction that it *was* an error. I regret having avowed to you my belief that you were the destroyer of your master."

A peculiar smile, somewhat cynical in its nature, flitted over the features of Ravensbird.

"I find that another attacked Captain Dane on the heights last night; at any rate, that Captain Dane and another were having a broil there together, about the time of the catastrophe; therefore it is but fair to infer that that other was the offender."

The smile on Ravensbird's face was exchanged for a look of astonishment.

"Who?" he uttered.

"Some strange man, with a pack in his hand. I should imagine it must have been a traveling hawker, or person of that class; such men have been known, before now, to commit evil deeds. He may have tried to extort money from Captain Dane, and, finding he could not, have proceeded to violence. One fact appears to be indisputable: that they were giving vent to angry passions, one against the other."

"Who saw or heard this?" asked Ravensbird. "You, sir?"

"I?" echoed Herbert Dane. "What a very senseless question! Had I witnessed it—or indeed any thing else connected with the affair—should I have kept it to myself! No, Ravensbird; had I known this, I should not have been so hasty to indulge suspicion of you."

"Then who was it?" somewhat impatiently resumed Ravensbird.

"Drake. The man stopped me a few minutes ago, to tell me what he had seen. He was on his way to the castle to declare it to my lord; and he has gone on there now."

"And he says it was a stranger?"

"A man he did not know, and had never seen before. A big, hulky fellow with a pack. Just the description one is apt to expect of those itinerant peddlers."

"Drake has been tardy in declaring this," sarcastically returned Ravensbird.

"Not at all. He could not declare it out at sea, where he has been all night. His boat is but just in—as I understand—and he knew nothing, till he landed, of the accident to Captain Dane."

Ravensbird did not reply. His eyes seemed to be fixed in vacancy, as if in thought. Herbert proceeded.

"When you gave utterance to the expression that you could place your finger upon the offender, I believed you were speaking in vain boastfulness, if not in deceit. I conclude now, that you must have been aware of this encounter of Captain Dane's with the stranger, and alluded to the latter when you spoke. Was it so?"

"I—I was not aware—that—that Captain Dane—I did not know of any encounter, of his with a stranger," replied Ravensbird, in a slow, hesitating tone, his eyes still bearing the appearance of a man in a dream.

Herbert Dane scanned him searchingly.

"Possibly this man was no stranger to your master."

"Possibly not," was the reply of Ravensbird, waking from his reverie. "It is scarcely probable that a stranger would attack him to his death."

"You speak in riddles, Ravensbird. Did you allude to this man, or not, when you spoke?"

"Sir," respectfully returned Ravensbird, "you must pardon me for declining to answer."

And nothing more could Herbert Dane get from him; and the parting, in consequence, though friendly, was not to the former satisfactory.

Drake, meanwhile, reached the castle, and disclosed his tale to Lord Dane. However loose may have been the fisherman's antecedents, in the way of smuggling and other matters, bringing him under the displeasure and surveillance of the lord, that was no reason for his present account being doubted. Indeed, that he was but declaring the truth was evident even to the lynx-eyed Lawyer Apperly, who was summoned to the conference. The police also were summoned, and Drake had to repeat his tale to them again. Should he know the man again? they asked him. Drake was not sure; not by his face, he thought, for he did not take much note of it; if he know him again it would be by his shoulders and pack. Not very conclusive distinctive marks, decided the inspector.

A search was set on foot—as active as could be supposed to be undertaken by village police, which is not saying a great deal. Inquiries were made at Danesheld and its environs, extending to the neighboring towns around and past them, as to whether a man, answering the description, had been seen. But all to no avail; nobody appeared to have observed any such traveler. A farm laborer, at work about six miles off, deposed that he had noticed a man the afternoon of the accident, going towards Danesheld, a "brown man, with a sort o' box on his back."

"And big shoulders?" questioned the police officer.

"Nos, not he," was the answer; "he didn't seem to ha' got no shoulders. A little undersized chap, it were, no bigger nor a weasel."

So that description did not tally. Neither did any other, that the police could find out, and the affair remained involved in mystery.

There is an old saying, that misfortune never comes alone. Lord Dane wrote to his eldest son to acquaint him with the melancholy fate of his brother, and requested him to return home. For years there had been an unpleasant estrangement between the brothers, but, with death, these estrangements, or rather the remembrance of them, generally end. Harry Dane had been a favorite son. Geoffry, the eldest, a cold, haughty, overbearing man by nature, had resented the partiality of his parents, his own disposition magnifying the predilection tenfold, and he had now been for some time abroad. The handsome fortune Harry had dropped into, a young man, had also been a sore point with the Honorable Geoffry; and, altogether, he preferred to live a life of estrangement from his kindred. His letters home were few and far between, and at the present moment Lord Dane did not know precisely where to address to him; he had been in Paris, but had spoken of leaving it, for Italy, for Malta and other places in rotation. So Lord Dane sent his letter to their banker's, in London, who was kept cognizant of the movements of Geoffry Dane, giving them instructions to forward it without delay.

They did so, and the days, nay the weeks passed on, but still Mr. Dane arrived not. Lord Dane grew angry. "Geoffry might have written, at least," he observed to his wife, "if he did not choose to come."

Alas! he came all too soon. Not himself; but what remained of him. News arrived first: a letter written by his personal attendant, who was a native of Danesheld.

Mr. Dane had been suddenly attacked in the neighborhood of Rome by one of those fevers common to hot and unhealthy climates, and in three days was dead. The letter, written by Lord Dane, and duly forwarded by the London bankers, had never reached him (it might be traveling half over the continent after him then), and he had died in ignorance of the fate of his brother. Even then, as Lord Dane perused the unhappy letter, his body was on its way to England for interment, having been embarked on board a steamer at Civita Vecchia.

Very sad, very grievous were the tidings to Dane Castle, and the flag on it floated half-mast high—the custom when a death occurred in the family. But a little span, since it had so floated for Harry Dane, and now it was floating for Geoffry! Lord and Lady Dane were bowed down to the very earth with grief! they were their only children; and whispers went abroad that her ladyship would not be long after them: people said they could see the "change for death" in her.

On a gay morning in the beginning of May, a hearse, whose sable, mournful plumes contrasted unpleasingly with the world's sunny brightness, arrived at Dane Castle, having brought something inside it from Southampton. The burden was taken from within it and deposited in a certain apartment of the castle, called the death-room.

Why was it called by so unpropitious a name? the reader will inquire. Simply because it was a room consecrated to the dead. When any of the family died, they were placed there to await interment, lie in state, it may be said, and the public were admitted to see the sight. The apartment was never used for any other purpose, though occasionally opened to be aired; a large, cold, gray room it was, perfectly empty, with high windows and a stone floor. Tradition went, that when any one of the Danes was about to leave the world, that floor would become damp in patches; not damp all over, as it did in wet weather—but they were very stupid who believed in any such nonsensical superstition.

The trestles were brought from their hiding-closet and set up in the middle of the room, and the coffins were placed upon them. Lord Dane was wheeled in, in his chair; Lady Dane glided in and stood by his side, both struggling to suppress their grief until they should be alone to indulge it. Some of the upper servants were also present, and a workman, purposely summoned to the castle, prepared to unseal the coffins.

At that moment Wilkins, the servant who had accompanied the body from abroad, he who had written to Lord Dane, stepped forward, placed his hand on the man's tools to arrest him, and then addressed Lord Dane:

"My lord—I beg your pardon—but is it a safe thing to do, think you? May there not be danger? He died of malignant fever."

A disagreeable feeling fell upon all, and some drew involuntarily a step back. Lord Dane reflected.

"I do not fear infection," he presently said. "Let those who do fear it, retire; but I will see the remains of my son. Stories have been told, before now, of—of—others being substituted for those supposed to be dead."

Wilkins turned to Lord Dane, astonishment on his face and tears in his eyes.

"My lord, is it possible you can suspect——"

"No reflection on you, Wilkins," interrupted his lordship; "I did not mean to imply any. There is a difference between satisfaction from conviction of the mind, and satisfaction from ocular demonstration. I have no moral doubt whatever that my dear son, Geoffry, does lie within that coffin; nevertheless, I choose to be indisputably assured of the fact. Retire," he somewhat sharply added to the servants; "and do you," nodding to the mechanic, "proceed with your work. Had you not also better leave us?"

The last words were addressed to Lady Dane. She simply shook her head, and waited.

It was a long process, for the lead had to be unsoldered. But it was accomplished at last. The domestics had quitted the room, all save Bruff.

Lord Dane looked at him in a questioning manner.

"*I* have no fear, my lord. Allow me to see the last of poor Mr. Geoffry."

Geoffry Dane, it was, unmistakably; and less changed than might have been expected, under the circumstances. A long, yearning look from all of them, a few stifled sobs from the childless mother, and the coffins were reclosed forever. Then they left the room, and the public, those who choose to come, were admitted.

A sort of fright, so to term it, took place that night in the house, one that caused some unpleasant commotion. It happened that Sophie, Lady Adelaide's maid, was suffering from a violent cough, which had clung to her for some weeks, and was especially troublesome at night. She was in the habit of seeking a soothing drink, for it, made of herbs, or, as she called it, in her own language, tisane, which she took regularly up to bed with her. On this night she forgot it; for she, in conjunction with the rest, felt nervous when going through the long passages, considering WHAT was in the house. But Sophie's cough proved to be unusually severe. No sleep could she get; and at length she rose from her bed, determined to brave ghostly fancies and lonely corridors, and fetch the tisane. Wrapping herself up, she started, carrying a hand-lamp.

Away she scuttered down the stairs. Her road to the housekeeper's parlor, where the drink had been left, lay past the death-room. How Sophie flew by its door, how her heart beat, and her skin crept, she would not like to have told. In common with the generality of French, of her grade and class, she was given to superstitious fears touching the presence of the dead, more so than are the English of the lower orders. But there's an old proverb, "More haste, less speed," and poor Sophie received an exemplification of it; for, so great was her haste, that in passing the very spot, the dreaded door, she lost one of her slippers. With a half cry of terror at the stoppage *there*, Sophie snatched it up in her hand, did not wait to put it on, but tore on to the parlor.

The drink was inside the fender, where it had been placed to retain its warmth. Sophie took up the jug, and put it on the table for a moment while she drew breath (short with the running and the fright), and put on the refractory slipper. She was stooping down to accomplish the latter, when a noise close above her head interrupted her.

It was nothing but the striking of the time-piece on the mantel-shelf, two strokes—one, two—telling the half hour—the half hour after midnight. But Sophie's nerves were unhinged, and it startled her beyond self-control. She shrieked, she grasped the nearest thing to her, which happened to be a chair, she hid her face upon it, and she wondered how in the world she could muster courage to get back to her room.

Back she must get, somehow; for the longer she stayed, the worse she grew. "If ever I leave my tisane down-staire again," quoth Sophie, "may a ghost run away with me, that's all!" She took up the jug, drew her cloak round her, and began to speed back again; not very fast this time, for fear of spilling the tisane.

Poor Sophie! the real fright was coming. As she gained the corridor in which was situated the death-room, her hair nearly stood on end, and her skin was as a goose's skin, quivering and cold. A perfect horror grew upon her, in that moment, of passing the dreaded door.

And well it might. She did gain it; how, she hardly knew; but instead of rushing past it, with her head turned the other way, some power seemed to impel her head towards it. If you ever experienced the same uncontrollable midnight terror, reader, you will understand it. Sophie's eyes irresistibly, and in spite of her will, turned right upon the door, fascinated as by the evil power of the basilisk; had her very life depended on it, she could not have kept them away. And in the same instant, a hollow, wailing sound, like a groan, broke from within the stillness of the room.

Nearly paralyzed, nearly bereft of her senses, Sophie fell against the door, and the movement caused it to open, as though it had been imperfectly latched; yet Sophie knew that the door had been securely locked the previous evening at dusk. But for the door-post she might have fallen with her head inside it; that saved her. There came another groan, and what looked like a flood of white light from the room; and the miserable Sophie, breaking into the most unearthly shrieks and yells, flew along the corridor, dropping the jug and the tisane with a crash and a splash! That those hermetic solderings and fastenings had come undone, and what they confined down had risen, and was after her, was the least of her imaginings.

Out came the terrified servants; peal upon peal rang the bell of Lord Dane; Lady Adelaide opened her door and stood at it, her face as white as her maid's.

When they gathered in the account of the shaking Sophie, some of the braver of the domestics proceeded to the death-room, and there the cause was made clear.

Kneeling on the stone floor beside the coffin, lost to all outward things, save her grief, a white dressing-gown only thrown over her night-clothes, was Lady Dane. The groans of pain, of sorrow, had come from her; and the "white light," as Sophie had described it, from her lamp. Not for a long while, a whole hour, could they prevail upon the unhappy lady to return to her own chamber: in vain they urged upon her that she would surely catch her death of cold.

"What matters it?" she murmured. "Harry first, Geoffry next; both gone, both cut off in their prime; what signifies death, or anything else, that may come to me?"

Geoffry was buried in the family vault, amid much pomp and ceremony, as befitted, according to the world's usages, the late heir of the Danes. Lord Dane was too ill to be taken to the funeral, and the chief mourner was Herbert, now the presumptive successor to the title, and to the wide and rich domains.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

The following story is told in an Australian paper, under the head of "American Enterprise," touching the American influence in the South Sea Islands.

In the South Seas, before King Kamehameha came to the throne, there reigned a potentate of much joviality. He liked white men and adored Navy rum. One day the barque Columbia, Captain Kybosh, commander, put in for water. The potentate made off to the vessel, and was received with due ceremony. The rum was produced, and the utmost harmony reigned. For three weeks did this friendship last, until the king began to show symptoms of failing powers. On the last night of the Columbia's stay the savage warrior requested, through the medium of the interpreter, who in ordinary life was a harpooner, to be allowed to give his white friends some proof of his friendship. His white friends—alas for poor humanity!—were somewhat flown with wine, and Starbuck, the second mate, had as fine a sense of humor as ever distinguished a Nantucketer.

"Look hyar, old man," said he, "I'm a blue-blooded Yankee, I am, sir, and when I return to my country am going to run for President. Now, sir, we're De-mo-cratic over there," jerking his thumb over the wide Pacific, "and if I could tell 'em that I had once kicked a king, by goles they'd elect me straight!"

The monarch stared, took another tot of grog, and finally consented. He was placed in the attitude of a boy who is about to give another a back at leap-frog, and Starbuck, retiring a few paces, took a run, lifted his leg, and the king nearly stove in the cabin door with his head. He didn't seem to like it much, but he took another tot of rum and sat down. As he did so, Mr. Flask, the first mate, rose.

"Gentleman," said he, drawing himself to his full height of six feet four inches, "I was born in Boston, Massachusetts—the old Bay State, gentlemen—and do you think that I am going to have my chances in life spoiled by a Nantucketer? No, by thunder! Monarch, down you go!"

The monarch took another drink and went down. This time the cabin door gave way, and the sovereign of the South Seas began to get angry. Anger was out of place, however. Captain Kybosh uncoiled himself from the locker like an eel when it stands on its tail.

"Stop this foolin'!" he said. "I'm captain of the ship, and by——"—here he swore an oath which we need not trouble ourselves to repeat—"no man shuts his jack-knife on me! Your Majesty, I'll trouble you!"

Need we prolong the tale? We think not.

CONNUBIAL INFIDELITY IN AFRICA.

The punishment of connubial infidelity in Western Africa varies with the district of the country in which the crime occurs, but is generally severely visited. A common ordeal by which to test the innocence or guilt of the accused is to compel her to immerse her hand in a vessel of boiling oil, when, if she utters no cry of pain, the accusation is decided to be groundless, but if unable to control her feelings, she receives a beating in addition; while amongst other tribes the co-respondent is simply fined in gold-dust, according to his rank and station, and the damages are handed to the injured husband. A singular decision was arrived at some months ago in the divorce court of the kingdom of Dahomay. The plaintiff, a man in struggling circumstances, discovered that two neighboring captains of companies had undermined the virtue of his only wife. His cause was laid at once before the sovereign, who gave it an attentive hearing, and then inquired what redress or compensation was expected at his hands. The complainant hesitated to reply, merely repeating with "nauseous iteration," "He had no other wife but her—he had no other wife but her," until, growing impatient, the king directed him to state immediately what sentence he wished to be pronounced on the co-respondents. Thus commanded, the injured party answered that, as he was the proprietor of only a single wife, and each of the defendants were possessed of several, there was no other method of making them adequately comprehend the extent to which his feelings as a husband had been outraged than by assigning all their wives to him, and giving them the respondent in return! The king replied he considered the request just and reasonable, and immediately gave the necessary order; and as one of the captains was blessed with three wives, and the other was supplied with four, the plaintiff came into possession of *seven* wives to console him for the lost *one*.

MATHEMATICAL.—The following formula may prove useful to those entering into society:

To find the shortest way to a female heart under any given circumstances.

First Case.

If she is married, but not a mother—Praise her Husband.

If she is married, and also a mother—Praise her Children.

Second Case.

If she is unmarried, and engaged—Praise her Lover.

If she is unmarried, and disengaged—Praise Herself.

FACETIÆ

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.—A note at ninety days.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.—"Papa, buy me a new spring suit."

WHAT State is round on both ends and big in the middle? Ohio.

MANY editors are of such a peaceful nature that they will not put a head on their editorials.

A CHINAMAN in Los Angelos, California, upon being applied to for payment of a debt, replied: "If no haves, how can?"

THE cheapest way in the world to make enemies is to go into a crowded barber shop on Saturday night and get your hair cut.

A ROMANTIC young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

A NEW receipt for the preservation of furs: Pull out all hairs with tweezers, and varnish the skin. In the spring remove the varnish and carefully stick all the hairs in their old places.

SPRING POETRY.

The sun above is brightly beaming,
And gentle spring is now at hand;
I fall into a hazy dreaming,
And lean my head upon my hand.

How sweet to see the gentle earth
Put on her robe of green anew,
And watch each leaflet's budding birth—
Good gracious me! A-chew! a-chew!

A FEW days since, a very absent-minded gentleman got into a horse-car at Portland, for Deering, Maine. He had a basket with him, and to make sure that he would not forget it when he got out he placed it securely between his feet. During the ride he engaged very earnestly in conversation with another gentleman, and when the car arrived at the place where he wished to alight he hastily arose, and naturally kicked over the basket. He picked himself up and exclaimed, "What fool left that basket there for people to stumble over?" and got out of the car, leaving the basket where he had kicked it.

A NOVEL way of popping the question was indulged in in a neighboring borough. Enters Mr. gentleman, formerly a boarder of his lady-love, for the purpose of paying his bill, after which the following dialogue ensued:

"You no vats de mens says about me?"

"No."

"Vell, dat you got married by me."

"So dat vas vhat I heard," said the lady.

"Vell," says he, "ven you marry me to-night I will marry you."

"Vell, I vas ready."

So the couple was made one. The above is a true statement.

NOTHING, perhaps, more deserves our sympathetic commiseration than the position of a timid young man who does not know what to say to his partner at a ball; indeed, we have "hidden depths" of indulgence for the unfortunate fellow who, with heightened color, ventures to remark, "It is very warm," or "What beautiful dresses!" But, of all the observations which could suggest themselves to a youthful dancer overcome with bashfulness, the following, recently heard in a crowded ball-room, is certainly the most original. "I say," stammered the unhappy youth, "I say." "Yes." "Did it hurt you much having your ears pierced?"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

My first is to spoil or destroy;
My second is found in the ground;
My whole you should never annoy,
For a home-bird quite often 'tis found.
FORT TOTTEN.

2.

I am a word composed of nine letters:
My 3, 5, 6 is vermin.
My 1, 2, 3, 5, 4 is an improvement to tea.
My 6, 5, 9 is used for deadening sound.
My 2, 3, 5, 4 is a quantity of paper.
My 8, 9, 8 is a unit.
My 7, 2, 8, 9 is a hard metal.
My whole is a new system for treating our bodies after death. HAMILTON.

3.

He stood before the looking-glass,
A boy of but ten years;
My first was in his pocket hid,
His mouth and chin in smears,
"If I could make it soon come off,
I wouldn't care a pin;
But ma will quickly find me out
If she should now come in."

He stood before the looking-glass—
Eight years had wrung their knell;
My second strained his eyes to see,
But couldn't see it well.
"If I could make it soon come on,
'Twould vanquish Mary Jane!"
And sighing, he a work began
Of mystery and pain.

He stood before his looking-glass—
The carpet just below
Was sadly worn by constant tread—
His face with joy aglow.
My first he scorns, my second wore,
And gazed upon with pride;
My whole a blooming gift he bore
To Mary Jane, his bride.
FANNY CLIPSHAM.

ENIGMA.

What is that which all love more than life,
Fear more than death or mortal strife—
That which contented men desire,
The poor possess, the rich require,
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?
GIPSY.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 52.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 48, Vol. 34.

ENIGMA.—Charm.

CHARADE.—Passion-flower.

WORDS SQUARE—

1.	2.
THIS	HAVE
HIDE	ARID
IDLE	VILE
SEER	EDEN

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Signa. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Under Two Flags," "Idalia," etc. Publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This story has all the intensity of feeling and all the luxuriance of language of the earlier works of this fascinating novel writer, and will be welcomed by her many admirers in this country, to whom a new work from her prolific pen will be a source of keen enjoyment.

The Green Gate. A Romance. By Ernst Wichert. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister, translator of "Only A Girl," etc. Publishers, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A charming story, with a highly attractive plot, pure in sentiment, and elegant in diction.

Through the Year. Thoughts relating to the seasons of nature and the church. By Horatio N. Powers, Rector of St. John's Church, Chicago. Publishers, Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This work contains short discourses, sermons indeed they may be called, brief, finely written, and will afford excellent religious reading for the various seasons of the year and the church.

Christian Missions. By Rev. Julius H. Seelye, Professor in Amherst College. Publishers, Dodd & Mead, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The object of this work is to show the vast amount of good which Christian Missions throughout the world have achieved, the true method of missionary operations, and of reaching the minds and hearts of the people.

Socialistic, Communistic, Mutualistic, and Financial Fragments. By William B. Greene. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

These fragments are gathered from articles written by Mr. Greene on social and financial topics, which are much talked of at this time, and will serve to illustrate his peculiar ideas on these subjects. They are sharp, pungent, and well written.

Wolf Run; or, The Boys of the Wilderness. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Pleasant Cove Stories," "Whispering Pine Series," etc. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The scene of this story is laid in western Pennsylvania, soon after Braddock's unfortunate expedition, over a hundred years ago. As a writer for boys, Mr. Kellogg is surpassed by none. His books not only amuse but instruct the mind of the child. "Wolf Run" is as fascinating a story for boys as they have seen in many a day.

Ocean Born; or, The Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The incidents in this volume are rather more romantic than those of the other volumes of this series, but they are not improbable or extravagant, and we think it will prove the chief favorite of this author's productions. This is the concluding volume of the "Yacht Club" and "Dorcas Club Series," and should be read so that the conclusion of the whole matter may be properly reached by those who have been reading the former volumes.

The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem. By Petroleum V. Nasby (D. R. Locke), author of "Stringing Round the Circle," "Ekkoes from Kentucky," etc. Publishers, Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The above volume, his very latest production, is as rich a fund of humor as we have recently met with. It purports to be the moral teachings of a mysterious stranger who dropped one day into an obscure New Jersey village. Clad in an Eastern garb, and claiming to be an ancient Persian sage and philosopher, he is given credit for all he claimed to be, and there flows from his fount of wisdom very many sagacious and keenly satirical sayings, hitting off the follies of the day, and men, women, and things generally. The volume is gracefully dedicated to "My Mother-in-law," with a glowing tribute to the virtues of that much-abused relative.

A Norseman's Pilgrimage. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Professor of Cornell University, and author of "Gunnar." Publishers, Sheldon & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is a charming novel, giving a beautiful picture of Norse life, and is written in a very pleasing and attractive style.

What and How to Read. A Guide to Recent English Literature. By G. A. F. Van Rhyn. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

This is a very valuable manual, containing a minutely classified list of the best books published in America and England during the past five years, with critical remarks and suggestions. The selection of books is very judicious, and the work will be exceedingly useful to those who read for information as well as for amusement.

Cassell's Illustrated History of the United States of America. In parts at 25 cents each. Publishers, Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

This work is got up in the usual attractive style of this well known firm, and is profusely illustrated throughout with original wood engravings, maps, plans, etc. In order to present a complete history of the life of our great nation, all the best sources of information have been made available, and the narrative is related with a degree of life and freshness which will make it attractive to all classes of readers. Cassell, Petter & Galpin have recently opened an office at 1228 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in charge of Albert W. Molloy, Manager, for the sale of the numerous subscription works published by the firm.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Mrs. Mary E. Kail, Leesville, Ohio, the following songs: "By and By the Roses Wither;" words by Mary E. Kail; music by R. Goerdeler. "The Footstep at the Door;" words by Mary E. Kail; music by Horace E. Kimball. "Silvery Waves;" ballad by Mary E. Kail; music by Horace E. Kimball. "At the Gate I wait for thee;" words by Mary E. Kail; music by Mark Havens. Published and for sale by S. Brainard & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Mystery of Dark Hollow. Edited by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Fair Play," etc. Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

This work is highly sensational, and the characters drawn with force and vigor. The plot has the merit of originality, and is worked out by the author with ability.

Highland Widow. By Sir Walter Scott. Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Good Time Coming; or, The New Crusade. By Edward E. Hale, author of "In His Name," etc. Publishers, Roberts Bros., Boston. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

History Primers. Edited by J. R. Green. History of Greece, by C. A. Tyffo, Oxford University, England. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

EYES.

There are merry black eyes that sparkle and dance,
And a world of witchery lies in their glance;
But over my heart they cast no'er a spell,
Sparkle, and dance, and flash as they will.

There are deep and misty eyes of brown
Into whose sad depths looking down,
I see the shadow of coming years,
A sorrowful prophecy of tears.

There are eyes like the summer sky in hue,
Soft and gentle, and tender and true;
But nothing to me is their sunny smile,
For I'm dreaming of others all the while.

Eyes that are bright, and soft, and deep—
Eyes that sparkle, and smile, and weep—
Eyes that change like the shifting sea—
These, of all eyes, are the eyes for me.
Wonderful eyes in their changefulness—
And their color? Nay, that I will leave you to guess.

SCIPIO'S DIVE.

"That's a queer looking ring you have on," I said to my friend Gerald Marston, as we sat smoking in his little snuggery, a few weeks after his marriage. "Looks old, too."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it did. Have you noticed it?" and he took it off and handed it to me.

It did look old; it was an amethyst, heavily set in solid gold, with a sphinx trampling on a man, and some Egyptian symbols engraved on it. The stone was a good deal scratched and worn, and the ring bent a little out of shape.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "What do the symbols stand for? Do you know?"

"The sphinx means the king, and the man means his foe, on whom he is trampling after the manner of kings of his date. The legend is, 'Good God, Lord of the World.'"

"And how came you by it? Took it from some mummied Pharaoh's fingers?"

"Not exactly. It's rather a long story, but if you're it clined to hear it I'll call Scipio, get the glasses filled, and tell you it."

He called Scipio, a stout, intelligent-looking negro, who was the major-domo of the establishment, told him to get a fresh bottle, and then said to him:

"I am going to tell my friend about this ring, and how you saw Old Nick."

"Yes, massa, I thought I see the debil himself that time, anyhow, I did. That very good story, massa, anyhow. If massa'd only let me stay, I'd freshen up his memory a bit, perhaps."

I joined in the request, and the black sat down in the corner of the room, grinning from ear to ear.

"You know of course," began my friend, "how I went out to Egypt to make my fortune, when I found there were more engineers here than profitable work to employ them; and you know, also, that I was then engaged to your cousin Kate. Well, I was pretty successful. In two months I got an appointment to superintend the erection and working of some large irrigation works. The owner was an old Turk who had served the government, made some money, and proposed to make more by this scheme. It took some little trouble to get the machinery that came from England fitted up so as to enable us to commence operations; and if it hadn't been for 'Scipio Africanus' (as we christened him) it would have taken me long again. The people out there have no idea of work. They don't do half as much in a week as a laborer does here in a day. The proprietor left everything to me, and I left all the labor to Scipio."

"Dat's true, massa. You left it to dis child, and dis child showed the black men how to work. He made them fly round; he did so, massa!" And Scipio chuckled in his corner.

"Scipio did; persuading some and beating others, he used to get something like a fair day's work out of them. We had been at it some two years, digging and trenching to get the water to our machinery, when one day the old Turk came down to see how we were getting on, and told me he was going to have a pleasure-trip on the sea—of course the Red Sea.

"I asked him to let me go; and so it was arranged that, as we should be all ready in another week, the people should have a couple of days' holiday, and we should go and recruit a little. We ran down by the rail to Suez, and then took a boat to take us down for a trip. Of course, you never sailed on the Red Sea; but I can assure you it's not the most unpleasant sensation in the world to glide along over its waters. Here and there the water is clear enough to see in that dazzling light the bottom some six or eight fathoms deep, and deliciously cool and inviting it looks. We sailed about for the two days, and on the evening of the second returned to Suez. Here, as ill luck would have it, some mismanagement on the part of the boatmen as we landed turned us all into the water, fortunately without danger or more hurt than a wetting.

"We were congratulating ourselves and cursing the boatmen, when the old Turk exclaimed, with an expression of despair:

"'Allah is great; but I have lost it! Allah is great!'

"'Lost what?' said I.

"'My preserver, my fortune, my ring and chain.'

"I soon found out that the old man had lost a heavy gold chain, and with it an iron ring which he believed to possess most fabulous virtues. He had had it all his life; it was his father's and his father's father's before him; and his luck was gone, he said; while he had it he could not help being fortunate; but now he was doomed to misfortune, and accursed; he had lost his talisman. I could hardly help laughing at this fuss over an old iron ring; but I found in a day or two that it was no laughing matter. We went home, and day after day the old fellow did nothing but, in his quiet way, curse the boatmen and bewail his loss, with a perpetual chorus of 'Allah is great! Allah is good!'

"The loss became known, and the fellahs about refused to work. In vain I consoled the Turk; he had but one reply—that it was lost, and that Allah was great. I didn't know what to do, the work was within a few days of completion, and he would give no orders, pay no money, think of nothing but his loss, perfectly indifferent to all else. I waited on him day after day till I was weary of my life; for I depended on the money I should get on the completion of this work to pay for a share which Bevington had offered me, since I'd been out there, in a capital engineer's business; and I also wanted to get home for another reason, which you may guess; two years and a half is a long time, you know, to wait. Well, as I said, I didn't know what to do; I couldn't stay unless he altered his ways.

"One day during this time, Scipio there came to me to talk over what was to be done.

"'What'll massa give me if I get dat ring back again?'

"'Give,' said I; 'I'd give anything.'

"'Give promise of Englishman to take me home?' said Scipio.

"'Yes, willingly.'

"'Then, massa, you take me to old gentleman, and if he promise to let me have the girl dat makes him coffee, I'll got the darn old ting.'

"'Get it; how?'

"'I'll dive under the water for it.'

"'By Jove! and so you shall, Scipio.'"

"Dat's dis child," broke in Scipio.

"I took him up to the house, and told the old man our plan, and he began to hope, made promise of half he possessed, 'And the gal dat makes him coffee?' said Scipio. Any number of girls, all if he liked. So we agreed, and getting a few camels, prepared for the expedition, the old man insisting on going too.

"We reached the place where we landed, as nearly as we could tell, and then commenced our labors, at least Scipio commenced his."

"Yes, he did," was chanted from the corner. "Scipio did dat same."

"The plan was to get a boat and row over the course till we came to the spot where we were upset, and there Scipio took a couple of stones in his hands and dived down; the water was about eighteen feet deep, I should think, and you could see almost to the bottom. Well, we kept moving the boat about, and Scipio kept diving till it began to get dark—he must have gone down some twenty times I should think."

"Dat is so, massa; twenty-two times dat blessed day dis child made hole in de water."

"Of course after dark it was useless to continue; so we made ourselves comfortable for the night, and went at it again in the morning; and now, Scipio, you can tell the rest."

"Well, massa," said Scipio, drawing his chair nearer to mine at every word or two, "I went down again next day, and second time I see something glittering like, but I was too spent to see what it was, so I dropped the stones, and came up, and, says I, 'Massa, I see something; you keep the boat jist where she is, and I go down again presently. So dis time I find two great stones to take me down quick, and give me some time to look about me. Well, massa, dis time I dive right on to it, jist close by a black rock. I was jist a-going to catch him with my toe, massa, when the black rock changed into de debil, and opened his eyes—dere no mistake—I drop dem stones and up I come like skyrocket, and tumble into de boat. By Golly, massa, I thought I see de debil, and he not nice to see down in eighteen feet of water, and he lashing at you wid his tail, and he hit me, too, and bring de blood."

"He came into the boat," said my friend, "looking as pale as his color would let him, and with the blood streaming from a sort of cut in his thigh, crying, 'Massa, massa, I see de debil! I no go down any more. Don't wonder the old gentleman wants his ring when de debil wants it too.' I got him at last to describe what he had seen, and evidently beside the chain he had seen something, what I could not tell. From his description, I made out that it was something black on the top, white underneath, and had a long lash with a sting at the end of it. I asked him how big. As big as the boat, and as wide, and the tail as long as twice the oars.

"I tried to think what monster of the deep this might be; that it was rather a dangerous monster, the blood flowing from his thigh showed clearly. At last, I remembered having read that Le Vaillant, a French traveler, had seen in his second voyage to Africa, a fish that was thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Now was it possible that this might be some descendant of this king of flat fish? I determined to have a look, and undressed for that purpose."

"You did, massa; I tink I never see more bully man than massa dat time," I said. "Ah, massa, don't go! let the darned old ring and chain go; don't go to de debil for such trumpery tings as dat."

"However, I went, and after the first smart of opening my eyes under the water was over, could clearly see the chain, and, close to it, one of the ugliest specimens of the fish tribe I had ever seen. It didn't see me for about a second, and then lashed out at me with its long whip-like tail. I saw the motion commence at the root just in time, and, dropping the stones, came up at the double double, if there is such a pace. I got into the boat, and, dressing myself, proceeded to consider the best thing to be done. There was the chain on which hung all my hopes, but guarded by a worse dragon than ever was found prowling round the apples of the Hesperides. I finally resolved that the dragon should be killed, and arranged accordingly. I loaded all the fire-arms we had with the heaviest charges they would bear—that is, two large bore rifles used for rhinoceros shooting, with a double charge of powder and two iron bolts each, and four horse-pistols, almost to the muzzle; and then, taking one rifle myself and giving one to Scipio, I armed two men with a pair of pistols each; the others I made lift a large stone, about two hundred weight, on to the stern of the boat and to keep her balanced. We all, except the rowers, went to the head.

"When all was prepared, I pointed the muzzles perpendicularly to the water at about nine inches from the surface, and gave the word 'Ready! fire!' Down went the stone, down went the bullets, and then we waited for the smoke to clear away, and watched the water intently. Presently a red blot rose to the surface and slowly diffused itself through the water. We had hit him, it was certain. Another charge, this time without the stone. We loaded. 'Ready again? Fire!' and then, after a few minutes, saw three red patches slowly rising and dispersing as before. We waited about half an hour, and then I asked Scipio to go down again. He refused."

"You see I didn't know dat de debil was dead. You see, massa, dat wasn't sure."

"Well, he wouldn't, so I would; and down I went through the water, which was colored a pale pink, and I saw the thing was as dead as could be, with four thin lines of reddish fluid rising through the water from the wounds, and the tail—that awful whip—lying inert and useless. I didn't care to go too near, and I couldn't see the chain. So I came up, and we let go the boat's anchor, with a couple of daggers tied to the flukes, and dragged for him. We soon caught him, and rowed slowly to the shore, pulling the weight after us; and when the water was too shallow for the boat, we threw the rope ashore, and pulled away, and at last landed our prize. It was a most horrible-looking wretch—one of the skate kind. A fellow who has seen the tail, and is up in that sort of thing, calls it a fine specimen of the 'Raia Myliobatis.' Fine or not, it was a beast, and I don't wonder at Scipio's mistake. Scipio, however, was quite agreeable to pull away with a will at the tail that had given him such an ugly cut; but I pulled his ear, and told him that now the devil was gone he must get the chain up; and sending him off with the boat, he managed to find it at the fourth dive, and brought it up between his toes."

"Dat's so, massa. Dis ere foot bring dat chain up."

"The old fellow, when he got his chain and ring back, embraced me, embraced Scipio, swore by the Prophet he was our slave forever, and acted like a man possessed; and then we went home rejoicing. He quite regained his spirits and energies, and in less than a month all was done; the machinery worked splendidly, and the land was under water in less than ten days. The old Turk gave Scipio his wife, whose curry you took such a liking to at dinner; he gave me, too, just twice the sum I had bargained for, and enabled me to come home here and make those arrangements I spoke of."

"But the ring, my dear boy; the ring!"

"Oh! ah! the ring. I forgot. We cut open the stomach of the monster, and there, mixed up with broken shells, and fish-bones, and gravel, we found this ring, which, of course, I appropriated to my own especial use. It might have been one of the rings that was worn by a pursuing prince when Israel fled, or it might have been the ring of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, for all that I know. How it came there I can't tell any more than you can; but there it was—and here it is. And now, if you like, we'll go and taste Kate's coffee."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY ELLEN C. MOWBRAY.

"*Look out, Frank, for heaven's sake!* Can you hold on a few minutes longer?"

"*You bet.*"

The words were shot out, rather than uttered, as the speaker suddenly sank upon his knees, and reaching down grasped a firmer hold of the rope upon which depended the lives of a score, whose blanched faces were upturned appealingly. The face that looked down was rigid as stone, and almost as colorless; the bared arms absolutely frightful in their tension. The sinews stood out like whip-cords; hands, arms, head and shoulders were as motionless, as rigid as the iron frame which held this picture out to the terrified crowd below.

The great iron pillar settled, and swayed; the eyes below expanded with terror. The pillar dropped at least half an inch, and those beneath it measured their existence by a hair's breadth! A simultaneous groan arose. The face above grew a shade paler; the teeth were shown a trifle plainer; but no sound issued from the lips!

A craven spirit crouched out of sheer dread; the studding post suddenly relieved of its pressure, snapped like a pipe stem; in an instant the lower end of the massive pillar crashed through the frail framework beneath it, and three human lives were blotted out utterly; two miserable wretches were writhing in mortal agony beneath the irresistible, crushing weight of the frame-work that pinned them fast to the earth. Still five others were held fast among the timbers, where they wriggled helplessly as rats in a trap.

The cry of horror that rose upon the calm morning air carried dismay to the hearts of the villagers. Doors were flung open in blind haste; men, women and children, in response to the cry, congregated swiftly, only to raise their weak hands aloft, while others beat the air helplessly and broke out in sobs.

Out of all this disorder and frantic terror arose the voice of a single woman, tense with feeling:

"Are there no men here to help save the lives of those in jeopardy? Bring poles! fetch boards! anything that will give them a chance to escape from beneath the crushing timber."

And instantly men, and women, too, brought together, as if by magic, odd posts, girders, boards and iron rods.

Simultaneously, those who were helping and those who were looking on weakly began to encourage those who were in the death trap, with hopeful and comforting words. For those who were already dead there was time only for a sob that was more like a gasp; the poor wretches that quivered in the long-drawn death agony were incessantly commended to their merciful Maker.

If any among all those present gave a moment's thought to the criminal negligence which brought death to the door of five families, it was unuttered. When all was over, and a coroner's jury placed the responsibility upon the proprietors of the new factory, platitudes vented upon the murderous greed of money which caused the accident were plentiful.

"Frank!" said a woman's voice—the same whose words stirred up, and whose presence sustained the workers, "Bob is held fast. *If you can only hold on a few minutes or seconds longer.* The rest are all free—that is, all that ever will be."

Then the eager, hopeful faces of the workers below were upturned again appealingly to the window. But only for a moment. The sight that met their gaze sent a shiver throughout the group.

What with the sudden jar, and the strain upon the single remaining rope, which was attached to the upper portion of the iron window frame, the last, which towered nearly half its height above the new brick work, was slowly but surely giving way. It required but a glance to see that the yielding brick work around it would be torn out by the weight of the cast iron pillar. The marvel was that one pair of arms, however well braced their owner might be, had managed thus far to hold the pillar in its upright position.

But the hands that grasped the block and tackle line seemed to be endowed with supernatural power. As the awe-stricken crowd gazed up at him, the voice of Frank Kennedy responded to his sister in hard, level tones, his eye meanwhile taking in the crowd at a single sweep.

"Get Bob free. I can't hold out much longer. Something or other must give soon."

Upon hearing which, the work of freeing Bob Kennedy was resumed frantically at the risk of death to the workers. Men worked with the frenzy of despair, not to free one brother alone, but to save the lives of both. Could Bob be freed, there remained a chance for Frank. It was ten chances to one, but by exerting a powerful effort, if the worst came, he might spring clear of the falling wall.

"Work for your lives!" shouted Frank, suddenly.

Such as looked up at him then saw the blood trickling from his lower lip down upon his beard. Several drops fell upon his bare arm. The veins over his temples swelled and knotted; his eyes, like his face, took on a stony expression; the blood receded from cheek and lip, and the features suddenly became as distinct and sharp in their set expression as though they had been cast in bronze.

"All right! *Spring for your life, Frank! Jump!* Why don't you jump!"

Bob's frantic cry, wrenched from him by the quick sense of the appalling danger which threatened his brother, came too late. Those who were watching Frank, breathlessly observed a swift change in his countenance. A red flush stretched up over his temples, the set eyes wavered, the arms relaxed, and at that moment the massive pillar swung outward with a crash, dragging down with it the heavy iron window frame. There was a cloud of dust, the snapping and grinding together of timber and iron, in the midst of the horrible hush that fell upon the villagers. When the dust cleared away, the form of Frank Kennedy was found lying half covered with the debris of the fallen brick and mortar.

"Six lives lost for want of a ladder and a trifle of common sense," said the coroner's jury.

"Death in this instance ensued from the bursting of a blood vessel," gravely said the physicians who examined Frank Kennedy's remains.

"Faithful unto death!" said the villagers, with one voice.

STRENGTH OF BAD PASSIONS.—One day an anchorite, being in a forest with a companion, showed him four cypresses to be pulled up one after the other. The young man took hold of the first, which was small, and easily pulled it up with one hand. The second, which was a little larger, made him pull harder, but yet he pulled it with one hand. The third being still larger, offered so much resistance that he was obliged to use all his strength. The fourth had such deep roots that he exhausted himself in vain efforts. The anchorite said: "With vigilance and mortification, we can repress our passions, and conquer them as they spring up; but when they have taken deep root, nothing is more difficult—it is even impossible without a miracle."

IT is not at all advantageous to be in a great hurry. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

GRAY marble hearths can be rubbed with linseed oil, and no spots will show.

A TEASPOONFUL of powdered borax dissolved in a quart of tepid water is good for cleaning old black dresses of silk, cashmere or alpaca.

LOTION FOR FRECKLES. — Rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; water, eight ounces; half an ounce of orange flower water, or one ounce of rose water; diluted muriatic acid, a teaspoonful. Mix. To be used after washing.

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.—Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and a piece of lemon, and lay it on both sides with a painter's brush. Let it be in the open air—on grass if preferable—till the stain is removed.

TO PREVENT moths in carpets wash the floor, before laying them, with spirits of turpentine or benzine. Straw matting should be washed with a cloth dampened with salt water. Indian meal sprinkled over it and thoroughly swept out will also cleanse it finely.

PAPERING and painting are best done in cold weather, especially the latter, for the wood absorbs the oil of paint much more in warm weather, while in cold weather the oil hardens on the outside, making a coat which will protect the wood instead of soaking into it.

IN WASHING windows a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed, will take out the dust that collects in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish the glass, which should first be washed with weak black tea mixed with a little alcohol. Save the tea leaves for the purpose.

FURNITURE POLISH. — An excellent furniture polish is made of ten cents' worth of beeswax placed in a tin cup and melted in a hot oven. Into this pour two ounces of turpentine and let it stand to cool. Apply it briskly to the furniture with a woolen rag, and give it a finishing rub with an old silk handkerchief. The polish is almost equal to a coat of varnish.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL. — One quart blackberry juice strained, one pound of loaf sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice and cloves; each two drachms. Boil all well together slowly on embers for a short time; when cold, add one pint of best brandy; strain before adding the brandy. Dose, one teaspoonful to a wineglassful, according to age. To be repeated if necessary.

NEVER paper a wall over old paper and paste. Always scrape down thoroughly. Old paper can be got off by damping with saleratus and water. Then go over all the cracks of the wall with plaster of Paris, and finally put on a wash of a weak solution of carbolic acid. The best paste is made out of rye flour, with two ounces of glue dissolved in each quart of paste; half an ounce of powdered borax improves the mixture.

TO PROTECT GRAPES FROM BIRDS.—Bits of tin suspended by strings among the vines, so that they turn with the breeze and reflect the rays of the sun, are said to protect grapes from the ravages of birds. The experiment has been tried by a gentleman in this city, and he reports the success entirely satisfactory. It will cost no money and little trouble to try it, and if it proves a success the inventor ought to have a patent right. It would be of more practical value, and perhaps more profitable to the inventor, than some patent rights we might mention.

NEWS OF INTEREST

LACE-MAKING is to be the fashionable morning occupation in the way of fancy work at the watering places this season.

ONE of the most successful bazaars on record was one recently held for the Children's Hospital of Manchester, England. The total receipts were over $107,000.

THE Bank of England has about 800 clerks. They usually enter at between 18 and 25 years of age. Their salary begins at about $400 of our currency. From this they advance, until by the time they are 41 or 44 they get $1700 a year, after which they can ordinarily hope for no increase.

IN the Old Colony days, the duties of a schoolmaster in Massachusetts were described as follows: To act as a court messenger, to serve summonses, to lead the choir on Sundays, to ring the bell for public worship, to dig the graves, to take charge of the school, and to perform other occasional duties.

IT is a curious fact that a tract of country which includes the popular seaside resort, Long Branch, was once sold for a barrel of cider. In 1670 this section—then nameless—which also includes Shrewsbury and Eatontown, was in possession of the Indians, but was purchased of them by one Lewis Morris for the satisfactory consideration above mentioned.

IN London, in a thoroughfare surrounded by a dense poor population, a substantial building has been erected as a People's Cafe. The house is divided into several spacious apartments, neatly fitted up, well lighted and ventilated. The table furniture is tasteful and substantial; and tea, coffee, and viands of excellent quality are served at prices ranging from one penny to sixpence. Billiard and bagatelle rooms are provided, and there are also to be a reading-room and library.

THE immensity of the national debts is shown by Blackwood's Magazine, which says that since 1800, when America entered the money market as a borrower at a prodigious rate, the indebtedness of the world has increased at the rate of two hundred millions a year. It then goes on to say, "if this average is kept up, in twenty-five years more the total debts of the world will reach ten thousand millions, the interest of which taken at the average rate of five per cent., will amount to the present aggregate public revenue of all the States of Europe and North America."

BEFORE this reaches our readers, the English Arctic Expedition will have entered the boundaries of those northern fields for the exploration of which it has been equipped and dispatched. The day named for its departure was the 29th of May, and the two vessels were to be accompanied, as far as Disco Island, by a third, the Valorous, which will act as a supply ship from which the others are to be filled up with stores and coal at the last moment. The Valorous, on her return, will make a physical and biological exploration of the southern part of Baffin's Bay and the North Atlantic between Cape Farewell and the British Isles.

THE recent disaster at Holyoke recalls to mind the destruction of the Church of Campania at Santiago de Chili some years ago. It was burned during the celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and over two thousand persons perished in the flames. Then, as at Holyoke, the combustible ornaments about the altar caught fire; then it was said, also, "the means of egress were utterly insufficient." The people were not only overwhelmed with grief, but with indignation, at the sacrifice of their wives, daughters, and friends—an indignation which was not assuaged even when the Chilian government ordered the edifice to be demolished.

A FREE AND EASY WATERING PLACE.—Berek is on the French coast, a short distance from Boulogne. The fisher-women set the fashion, and the wealthiest visitors easily follow it. A single thin garment, falling from the neck to a little below the knee, and a pair of gaily-worked slippers, constitute the entire costume at Berek. Stockings are unknown, or, at least, if any lady appears with stockings she is recognized as a new comer. It may require twenty-four hours for her prudery to wear off; at the end of that time she will appear in as scanty a dress as the rest. About half of them, indeed, dispense even with the slippers, and one sees groups playing croquet, the gentlemen clad in snowy linen and wearing red or blue caps, and the ladies in hats and short, bright-colored skirts, but neither encumbered by shoes or stockings. Oftentimes, however, the wind blows the dry sand for miles over the beach, and to prevent this from getting into the eyes, glasses or spectacles with wire gauze frames are worn, which on young and fair faces have a droll effect. One would think also that the same sand would sting the lily-white ankles and calves which are so freely exposed, but if so the effect is not severe enough to induce their owners to don the stockings.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

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ROOM AT THE TOP.

In choosing a vocation, the taste and nature of the person should be the first thing considered, and something fixed upon which would be most congenial to that taste and nature. It is rarely the case that we find the "right man in the right place." The world is full of bunglers, because of fatal mistakes made in choosing a vocation. Ambition sometimes leads to this—sometimes indolence—sometimes pride—sometimes the pressure of unfavorable circumstances—often parental authority—but most frequently the absence of a knowledge of your own sphere or ability. "Know thyself" then is a young man's first study.

Perfect workmen do not grow on every bush. We have known men who could easily adapt themselves to almost any business, and make tolerable progress, but as a rule such men are failures. Instead of concentrating their time, and effort long enough upon some one thing in which they know plodders have succeeded, they are apt to become impatient because they are not at a loss for some other business, and so they go, every change a damage.

And then there are the enthusiastic men, who are visionary as well. They "go off like a rocket," so long as their work consists of plans and estimates but "come down like its stick" when, even after untiring exertion, they find their enthusiasm, like Bob Acres' courage, "oozing out at the finger ends." We have, before now, had a taste of this experience. It is because such men are not good workmen? Let them think of themselves as they will, some seeming addle pate can step into their shoes and defeat them in workmanship, two to one.

Resolve to be a good workman, no matter if your occupation is no better or higher than that of a bootblack or newsboy. "You blacked my boots once," contemptuously sneered a United States Senator to his opponent in debate, when worsted by his argument. "Yes," flashed the other, his eye brightening and not one whit abashed, "but didn't I do it *well*." Choose a business for which you have a taste, and *master* it. How many that were bootblacks are renowned bankers?—newsboys, that are eminent editors?—porters, that are princely merchants?—mechanics, that are successful engineers or inventors? 'All of our best and most successful business men are from the ranks of workers.

And above all, young man, do not fall into the fatal error of doing your work slovenly, however unable you may be to improve upon it in other respects—nor get weary in trying to do it well, however distasteful it may be to you. *Good* workmen are *always* at a premium.

"Ain't the legal profession too much crowded for success," said once a timid student to Daniel Webster. "There is always room at the top," promptly replied the great, and self-made statesman, and so it is in every trade or profession, there is always *room at the top*.

FAILURE NOT A FAILURE.

The secret of happiness is to make the best of everything; no matter what happens to annoy, let it all glide along as easily, and with as few words of complaint and fault-finding as possible.

Little inconveniences will intrude upon the most fortunate people, so the only way to be master of every situation is to make up your mind not to notice small annoyances. People may keep themselves in a constant broil over what amounts to nothing; and, without accomplishing the least good, may ruin the peace and quiet of a household. We cannot have everything just as we want it in this world, and the sooner a person understands that fact, the sooner he may have a true basis for happiness.

It is the greatest folly to set the heart upon uncertainties, and if disappointed, refuse to be comforted or reconciled.

Do the very best you can, and then take things as they come. If a man strive with his best knowledge and untiring energy to accomplish a certain object, working with skill and patience, he is a success, whether the scheme fails or succeeds, and he ought to reconcile himself to failure if it was inevitable. If his labors have been of brain and hand, he is the better fitted to succeed in other undertakings.

If you wish for success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius. With these you can hardly fail.

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS.

SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS.

In the circular letter sent to agents and canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in gold coin were offered, as follows: "One hundred and twenty-five ($125.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends the largest list; seventy-five ($75.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the second largest list; twenty-five ($25.00) dollars in gold to the agent who sends us the third largest list, by the thirty-first (31st) day of March, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST."

Pursuant to the above we now announce that the said Premiums have been awarded and duly paid, as follows:

1st Premium, $125.00 in gold coin, to
O. S. MURDOCK, Ridgeway P. O., Orleans County, New York.

2d Premium, $75.00 in gold coin, to
J. W. BRIGGS, Postmaster, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

3d Premium, $25.00 in gold coin, to
C. W. BENNETT, Quincy, Branch Co., Mich.

So satisfactory have been the results of our previous offer, we have determined to renew, increase and extend the same, believing that some additional incentive and reward should be given to those who labor in our behalf. The coming season promises better results, and we trust all our friends will continue their efforts, and as a reward for *extra* exertion, we now make the following offer, viz:

For the largest list,		$100.00	in gold coin.
"	second "	50.00	"
"	third "	20.00	"
"	fourth "	15.00	"
"	fifth "	10.00	"
"	sixth "	10.00	"
"	seventh "	10.00	"
"	eighth "	10.00	"
"	ninth "	10.00	"
"	tenth "	10.00	"
"	eleventh	10.00	"
"	twelfth "	5.00	"
"	thirteenth	5.00	"
"	fourteenth	5.00	"
"	fifteenth	5.00	"
"	sixteenth	5.00	"
"	seventeenth	5.00	"
"	eighteenth	5.00	"
"	nineteenth	5.00	"
"	twentieth	5.00	"

In addition to the above splendid offer, we will pay active agents a very liberal *cash* commission on each and every subscription they take. SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL CIRCULAR.

Each agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every certificate issued.

Lists will close on the thirtieth day of September, 1875. Commence now and work up your clubs. No time to be lost if you wish to succeed. Specimen copies sent free on application.

"The POST is the *oldest*, *best* and *cheapest* Literary and Family paper in the United States."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

We are fond of children. We think them the poetry of the world, the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes, little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great, grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children," and to draw "the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, if it was not embellished by little children.

LOVE.—The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into pensive meditations of all that it was in the days of its loveliness. Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is one of our most sterling literary journals, abounding in good reading matter. It is chaste in tone, and a welcome weekly visitor to every household. Nothing is allowed to appear in its columns that can in any manner give offense to the most cultivated and refined people.—*Weekly Republican, Selma, Ala., May 11th, 1875.*

THE habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the Loss of the Schiller.

BY MABEL THORNE.

Oh, pitiless wave! thou wave of the sea.
Where are the loved ones we trusted to thee?
Tossing in madness your white tops of foam,
Shouting in gladness as ever you roam,
Singing a song that a siren might sing,
High and now low, like a bird on the wing,
Laughing in scorn when we trust all to thee,
Oh, pitiless wave! thou wave of the sea.

Oh, amorous wave! thou wave of the sea.
Give me the darling that's resting with thee;
Give back our mothers, and give back the friend,
Give back the infant we only did lend,
Give back the strong hearts, the brave and the true,
Give back the weak ones we trusted to you.
All gathered alike! one ravished from me.
Oh, pitiless wave! thou wave of the sea.

Oh, pitiless wave! thou wave of the sea.
A treacherous wave though ever must be.
Laugh on in gladness, and madness, and mirth,
Sull the beautiful ones thou hast stolen from earth
Shall blossom above in gardens so fair,
That never a sigh, and never a tear
Can sadden the soul of those wrecked by thee,
Oh, pitiless wave! thou wave of the sea.

A NIGHT ON VESUVIUS.

BY M. J. D.

The illustration in last week's number of the POST, of a projected railroad up Mount Vesuvius, recalls vividly to our recollection a visit paid to that celebrated volcano some few years ago. There had been a violent eruption the beginning of the year previous, but the remains of the lava-stream which had then broken out had dwindled by the time we were there, so as to become almost invisible at night; and we were expecting a period of quiescence, when sign of fresh activity became apparent, and two streams, issuing low down from new points of the ash-cone, descended along its sides, raising a large cloud of smoke and vapor. At night the direction and magnitude of these glowing streams could be readily observed from Naples; and at the same time it was seen that the small crater (of this year) near the top of the cone was blazing as though with a resinous flame, while at short intervals showers of red-hot ashes were ejected from the mouth of the big crater. Vesuvius was, in fact, in regular process of eruption.

The night being exceedingly fine and the moon nearly full, we determined to take advantage of the opportunity for enjoying an experience as impressive as rare—namely, a nocturnal expedition to the summit of the belching cone.

A carriage brought us to Resina, at the foot of the mountain, by ten o'clock; and after a brisk walk up to the Hermitage, we found ourselves, at midnight, by the slowly advancing extremity of one of the lava-streams. Here we sat down in the comfortable hollows of the earlier lava of the year, warmed by the glowing mass some thirty feet from us, while we watched its progress. The whole scene, as we then witnessed it, had something of an unnatural aspect—not in the sense of supernatural, but rather in the sense of artificial or human workmanship. It resembled some vast pyrotechnic display; the mass of lava before us, with its cooling surface of cinders and its glowing cracks, was very like the smouldering embers of a huge bonfire; while above, the flambeau of this little crater and the constantly repeated showers from the larger mouth at this distance were like so many fireworks—the latter especially bearing strong resemblance to the device known as "golden rain." At times a dense pillar of black smoke, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, burst from the summit of the mountain, and gave a more terrible tone to the spectacle.

Other thoughts arose as we advanced along the line of the lava-stream, and watched it flowing at a white heat in perfect limpidness, from the rents in the side of the ash-cone; while a distant roar was heard marking each of the intermittent blasts from the summit. No one who has seen the tapping of an iron-furnace could fail to be struck with the similarity of the scene there presented to that now witnessed on Vesuvius, the scale being immensely larger in the latter case.

Here, indeed, one could imagine, were the old giants at work in their iron forge; we heard the deep breathing of their bellows; we watched the sparks from the chimney; and below we saw the flowing out of the molten metal. Then, as we listened, the notes of a distant band of quarrymen, chanting one of those strangely plaintive Neapolitan strains, came through the still air to our ears, like the buried chorus of the giant forgemen. Above us the moon was shining with a clear green light; and behind lay the beautiful bay, with the shadowy forms of Ischia and Capri faintly indicated; while a long crescent of fairy-lights glimmering on the coast-line marked the stretching roadway of Naples, Portici and Resina.

Passing between the two new lava-streams, which were tending to meet each other at a point on the seaward side of the mountain, we began climbing the steep side of the ash-cone, in order to make our way to the great crater. After calming the fears of our porter (who carried our rugs and some refreshment) by a promise of some extra francs, we proceeded steadily for an hour, and then rested on the level of the small crater. At this spot perhaps the finest effects were witnessed; for the volume of smoke issuing from the small crater was now seen in its real magnitude, and what had looked like flame was clearly seen to be dense smoke, illuminated by the reflection of light within the crater. The big crater seemed to be now more energetic in its blasts; not only fine ashes, but huge white-hot stones were tossed up at each gasp, and fell round about the edge of the cup, while the whole mountain shook beneath us, like a vessel staggering under a heavy sea.

From this point we passed (at about three o'clock) on to the line where the fine dust-like ashes commence—about one hundred feet from the lip of the great crater. Here our porter pointed out, in an agonized voice, that there were many red-hot stones lying about us, recently ejected from the crater. His anxiety was not, however, so great as to prevent him from lighting his pipe at one of these masses, which measured three feet by two feet, and would have been unpleasant when falling from a height of some four hundred feet. After a little consultation, we determined to beat a retreat. Accordingly, a quick descent brought our party to Resina as the clocks were striking six, and after taking coffee and bread, we drove back to Naples.

THE NEW COMERS.

BY REV. DR. BADGER.

Are we being discovered? This is a point of view from which we have not yet seen the subject of spiritualism examined. That the approaches of our visitors are assuming a serious aspect there can be little doubt. Supposing that the whole affair is not mere trickery, what seems to be the newly invented art of "materialization" makes a great change in our respective relations, and puts a new face on the question of encouraging our visitors to keep up the acquaintance, and on that of how their "mediums" of communication should be dealt with.

We may begin our consideration of the subject by dismissing the supposition of imposture. There has been, and still is, an immense amount of it in all the exhibitions. But the whole of it cannot affect one solitary fact. We need only ask: Do we find sufficient evidence to support the declaration, that intercourse is now kept up between man and a spirit race, existing under conditions unlike those of his own being? There is but one answer. We do find it, great in quantity, and unimpeachable in quality.

The result is just what might be expected. The alleged approaches of these strange creatures are at last attracting the attention of the learned. That brave old pioneer, Professor Hare, after being ridiculed like Galileo, Columbus, and many other first venturers into the unexplored crypts of science, is beginning to be followed; while, to the general public, through the "medium" of a most trustworthy and valuable journal, from the graphic pen of a distinguished journalist, and later still in book form, has been made, what will doubtless prove to be the first report to draw the notice of everybody to the proofs of spiritual manifestation. From the moment when the subject ceases to be fairly "slightable" (to coin a convenient word), as an exhibition of jugglery, a phase of superstition, a basis of false religion, or an attack upon Revelation; and becomes, what the genius of Olcott has first made it, a scientific problem of general interest; it also becomes a matter for careful investigation, both scientific and practical. In the latter aspect exclusively we are now considering it.

In the outset of such investigation two inquiries claim attention. How are these things done? is an interesting problem. By whom are they done? is a practical, a profoundly serious, but not yet an answered question. Angelic nature has not been even hinted at; but there is some evidence to support the claim of our new visitors to be the souls of our deceased kindred. There is also a widely prevalent opinion that they are representatives of the powers of darkness, "the powers of air." The possibility of their belonging to a fourth, and hitherto unknown race, does not seem to have been even suspected; yet, considering the number of creatures on this globe, that are below us in the scale of being, who shall presume to declare positively that there can be none above us?

Of the two races one would not, and the other might not, hesitate for selfish purposes to assume such names and appearances as would most powerfully help them to a mastery over man; and in such a case the parallel is a startling one between the inhabitants of this continent in the fifteenth century, and the inhabitants of this world in the nineteenth. In 1450, an Indian, if asked what lay beyond the western sea, would probably have answered substantially, "That undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns;" but one fine morning a number of them looking off from shore saw a singular apparition—the fleet of Columbus; only three ships, but all Europe was behind them.

The tragedy, of which that was the first scene, would have seemed as impossible to the red man in 1493, as now probably seems to the reader, any conflict on this globe between mankind and a more powerful race of spirits. Yet if these new comers be not of our own race, it is, at least, worthy of reflection, that although their approaches have been slow, owing, perhaps, to slow progress in perfecting, or delays in patenting the "art of materialization;" yet they have been steady, and have exhibited a steady increase of power. From rapping the new comers advanced to writing, from writing to lifting and moving, to tying and untying, to music, to various weird performances in the dark, to similar performances in the light, to articulate speech, to exhibitions of fireworks, of animals, hands, arms, faces, and finally the *clothed* human form.

In London, the geographical centre of dry land, in a remote corner of the Green Mountains, and at intermediate points, this last startling feature of their approach has been seen. They have furthermore announced the perfecting among them of a science, having for its object their communication with, and as a consequence their possible establishment among mankind, in bodily form.

They come to us, now, a few at a time, and remain but a little while. But they promise to come in greater numbers, with ampler powers and for longer periods. An important era has been fixed, no further off than the 19th of September, 1875; and, judging from the past, promises of this kind are likely to be fulfilled. Hence the gravity of considering our probable relations with beings, who, amenable to no human law, and accessible to no human power, add to increasing control of earthly forces the element of overwhelming numbers. Hence the necessity for scientific investigation, not only as to facts, but as to the identity of the new comers, their real disposition towards mankind, and the probable effect upon human happiness, and even upon human life of a continuance of relations with beings able to assume bodily form for longer or shorter periods, and while so provided, to pull one hundred pounds on a spring balance, move heavy weights many feet at a shove, wield razors, transport sleepers from their beds to distant mountains, instantaneously materialize cavalry horses and spears, and appropriate to their own use the vitality of the human body, leaving the unhappy patient in a state of exhaustion or even of catalepsy.

No one can read Colonel Olcott's faithful, impartial and purely journalistic account of the displays in Vermont, a report furnished by a disinterested eye witness, as news to a newspaper, without feeling terrified for the consequences of any antagonism between mankind and the more powerful race.

In this connection, and under the assumption of a difference in races, certain passages of the Holy Scriptures will occur to any one with the most appalling significance.

On the other hand, if these spirits were, as they claim to be, the spirits of the dead, we might be living in the dawn of the resurrection.

The sting of death, and the victory of the grave would indeed be done away, if the time were approaching when the mother might behold her lost child again, alive and happy; and the buried parent, reappearing suddenly amid the mourners, bid them take the crape from the windows and rejoice with her. The long agony would be over. And the second advent might be at hand.

We say, "If——"

Unhappily many of such indications as would naturally be looked for to sustain this latter hypothesis are still wanting. There is a marked absence of religious sentiment in the reports of the manifestations thus far given. Dancing, singing, frolicking, exhibiting themselves like public performers, and even smoking, these "materialized" visitors have nothing to tell us yet about its having proved "better for them to depart and be with Christ." Nay, spiritualism has even raised a cry about being attacked by religion, whereas the fact is precisely the other way; spiritualism having come forth at the outset with spear and shield against the fundamental truths of the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement.

Any hypothesis, however, leaves it a subject for immediate and careful investigation—even that of its being from first to last an imposture. For in that case its mischief would be coextensive with its influence, and that is already colossal and increasing with truly spiritual rapidity.

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The room in there is such a quiet one. If you look within you will see, wide open, two windows that face the east, where the sun rose clear this morning—and feel upon your cheeks the warm wind from the sea, the dimpling, dallying wind that has shaken aside the curtains of lace, and crept, half pityingly, across the sleeper in the bed beside which nobody kneels in the agony of prayer born of fear and hope and love.

It is an elegant, but not a pretty, room. Its carpet is from costliest looms—if you enter, your feet will sink out of sight in it—its upholstering worthy the chamber of a king, and the draperies of its couch of finest silk and lace. But there is nothing in it that speaks to the heart, appealing to the better part of man or of woman, and telling of somebody that *loves* the one whose life is going out this Saturday night from the unavailing luxury *Here* to the inexplicable mystery *There;* and though, perhaps, it does not matter to him now, there *have* been days and nights when all the hungry soul of him was bitterly a-wail for that which he flung from him madly, recklessly, in the days of the Hitherto.

Such days, I mean, since this last sickness came.

If there were only a pot of geranium growing in the window, or a bit of ivy clambering up its side; if there were only a stand with basket of dainty sewing, or a child's shoe on the carpet; if there were only little *bijoux*—things on the bureau, or *anything anywhere* that told and tells of *home!*

But nothing of the sort brightens and sweetens the splendid apartment where lies the wreck of a splendid man—the poor, pitiful wreck broken on rocks of its own seeking, and drifting, helpless now, to the sea whose flowing is eternal.

Once—Oh, how many times of late he has gone back in fancy and in feeling to that beautiful, beautiful *Once!* all the possessions that could bless the life of a man—bless, ennoble and honor it—were oh, so richly, sweetly, sacredly his. The gods smiled graciously upon his bridal. She who had given her life into his keeping was a queen among women, and she loved him—even as she trusted him—with her head and with her heart. She put her hand in his, the sweetest and the grandest embodiment of all that makes a good woman's life the envy of angels. She went to and from the altar, full, to the heart's bright rim, of trust and faith and right. But her trust gave her not what her right demanded. Her faith was outraged almost from the first, and her right to the possession of herself disputed whenever caprice or passion failed of its wants elsewhere.

For a time—perhaps for years, I do not know—she was broken, crushed, crazed. She prayed the world to let her alone and God to let her die; but God and the world had something better for her to do, and out of all her misery *she alone* worked herself into the light, carrying with her a purpose that would not be restrained, a power that was to make itself felt from sea to sea; a gift that was to grow and greaten with its use, and feed with its wholesome fruit the hearts of half a world.

All the love and devotion she meant for him, and his, she lavished on her art. Child of immortal genius, ignored and outraged by him who should have deemed it his dearest privilege as well as his highest duty and holiest obligation, to seek, before all other things, above all other claims, and beyond all other rights, those first which would make *her* life happy, those which were best for her, those which the giving of herself to him entitled her to, so "long as they both should live"—*outraged by him* she turned her face to the Temple of Art—her eyes to the height where lies Repose, and her heart to the Heaven of the Hereafter.

She was not long in winning for herself fame and fortune, and "friends with faces unknown" in the old world and the new.

Her beauty, her grace, her youth, her genius linked indissolubly with her inborn purity and truth, made her the idol of those who knew her best and the star of all their worship.

So long as there was a conscious *possession* of her, there was exemption of any claim of hers; but when she rose above and superior to the situation, there came a willingness to enjoy with her its fruits, even to living upon them, with claim of merit for having accorded her the privilege to raise and carry with her her life and its burden. And so, also, when the flowers of other gardens were gone, or walled in, there came an eagerness to inhale the sweetness of hers—to bask in the sunshine that made it the talked-of of a world—but she turned her face away, giving him only her—*purse.*

And so the years went on, and between them was only *silence.*

I am not saying she did right or wrong. I am only telling you why the sleeper in there has only servants to attend him in this last sickness, to moisten his lips, to wipe the death-dew from his forehead so fluely framed and nobly, and to listen while he raves of *her*, and of those whose very names drop from his lips in curses only—the miserable sirens who wooed him to certain destruction and drove forever from him the one woman who had loved him truly and *would* have loved him to the end.

If!

That is it. *If—he had been true to her.*

Neither do I blame the sirens wholly—if at all—for the wrecking of her life. They were *what they were*, and *he knew it.* Yet he rushed madly away from the pure white arms that sought to hold him back, and from the voice that called to him, appealed to him, wailed to him out of such agony as only God can understand and women endure; and this is the worldly end of it! This lonely room where Death is—and where yet nobody weeps!

He has wakened now.

His brown eyes—conscious at last—search eagerly each nook and corner of the splendid room, and stare through the doorway into our faces—into our very souls almost, as if trying to find a little of human sympathy and tenderness to sustain him in the last conflict a mortal man may know, and the hand that beckons us is so white and thin that it seems like a phantom thing which we must follow *bon gre, mal gre.*

"Is she come?" he asks, as we bend down to catch his faint but eager whisper.

"No one is here but the servants—and—she, and I."

The lids drop quickly, and a sigh, that is almost a groan, breaks from the pale lips' clasp and is caught up by the wind that has freshened and grown warmer, and carried off in triumph.

"Are you expecting any one? Have you sent for any one?"

He looks up into my face, quietly, for a moment, then:

"Yes—I have '*sent*,' but I do not know that I '*expect*' her," he says, turning his face away and straining his vision outward towards the sea.

A little stir behind us—a little cry of joy from the white lips of the dying, and we turn away, knowing just what it all means, and thinking they are best left alone.

"Do not go," the lady pleads softly. "There is nothing but memory and regret between this man's fast-waning life and mine."

"And yet once—*once*, Nelly——"

"Don't go back to that time," she interrupts, gently. "It is far away—dead and buried. Let it be."

"Won't you hear me say I am sorry, dear? Won't you let me tell you that I think I loved you all the time—that I *know* I never loved another? Won't you—let me touch your fingers with my lips? You were—one time—*all* my own, you know."

She hesitates a moment—then drops upon her knees, her arm about his neck, her face on the pillow beside him, and the wind mixes and mingles their bright, abundant hair, as in the sunlit days when she was wooed and won.

And we are weeping with them!

It is not such a cold, bleak death-room after all.

Her jeweled hand is on his forehead now, and his hungry eyes are feasting on the rare rich beauty of her face—a beauty scarcely thought of in the past, and thought of then only as a fancier thinks of his thoroughbred steed that is the finest and fleetest-limbed, and the best blood of the land!

"Do you love me, Nelly, *a little?*"

She stroked his hair for a full minute before she answered him at all, strokes it kindly, compassionately, and as a saint might when clothed upon with pity.

"I am very, very *sorry* for you, Paul," she says, speaking very slowly and distinctly.

She will not perjure her soul to comfort even the dying. She has no *love* for anything that has pulse-beat and breath in all the wide world—and she will not even *act* a lie. But she is "very, *very sorry* for him," and her tears are falling, and her fingers go caressingly in and out of his hair; but she will not deceive herself or him. *It is sorrow only!* And *love* was slain so long ago that she has forgotten to grieve for him!

"You forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven of the Father who knoweth the weaknesses of us all—as I hope *God* will forgive you."

"But you are so far away"—reaching out his hands quickly but vaguely, "I cannot climb to you. O, Nelly, Nelly, I cannot find you *anywhere.*"

It is over now. Those were his last words, for his sinful—perhaps repentant—soul went with them into the Unknown.

Will it drift there, to and fro, through the mystery of ages, wailing only and always:

"O, Nelly, Nelly! I cannot find you *anywhere!*"

LIMIT YOUR WANTS.—From the nature of things, the income of most of the inhabitants of the earth must be limited, and indeed within very narrow bounds. The product of labor throughout the world, if equally divided, would not make the share of each individual large. It is impossible that every one should be what is called rich. But it is by no means impossible to be independent. And what is the way to compass this—as Burns appropriately designates it—"glorious privilege?" This method is very simple. It consists in one rule: Limit your wants. Make them few and inexpensive. To do this would interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more, or you are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or the other. Limit your wants, estimate their cost, and never exceed it, taking pains always to keep it inside of your income. Thus you will secure your lasting independence. Young men, think of this. A great deal of the happiness of your lives depends upon it. After having made your money, spend it as you choose, honestly; but be sure you make it first.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST comes regularly to our table. We can remember seeing this valuable paper ever since we knew what a picture was, and we find it just as attractive now as ever, and were we twice as old as we are, yet were the POST ahead of us. It has lived and flourished over half a century; something that few papers can boast of.—*The Record, Murray, Iowa, May 17th, 1875.*

WILLIE AND GRACE.

BY F. S. MILLS.

There lived once a little brother and sister named Willie and Grace, very much such a little brother and sister as you may find in any house—bright-eyed little children, that kissed some times and quarreled other times; all the difference between them and you being that they had a fairy godmother.

Now it happened one day that, while playing under a tree in their father's garden, Willie and Gracie happened to want, at the same time, a little red wooden pig. Willie pulled and Grace pulled.

"I wish I didn't have to live with you," cried Grace, in a passion "I should be glad for you to die."

"I think you are the most disagreeable child I ever knew," answered Willie, in a rage. "I am sorry you are my sister."

Just then they heard a rustling in the grass; and, looking, saw their fairy godmother sitting on a toadstool, and knitting. She was a little old fairy, and generally looked as bright as a sunbeam; but now her lips were pursed up, and her forehead wore a scowl, as, taking out of her pocket a lovely little dog, not larger than a mouse, she said:

"Trot away, dargie, I bought you for Grace.
But you'd be afraid of such a cross face."

And away trotted the beautiful creature, and was out of sight in an instant. Then she untied from a tree a handsome brown pony, saying:

"You're no horse for Master Willie,
He can't ride, for he's too silly!"

And off galloped the pony, while the children looked after it, eyes and mouth wide open.

That done, she marched up to her godchildren, and gave each one a box on the right ear. The same instant away went Willie whirling over the tree-tops in one direction, while off flew Grace in the other; but after a time Willie began to go down, down, while Grace went higher and higher, till she came to the moon. Here she saw a broad road of silver, and, following it, came to a rainbow house. On the doorstep, which was made of stars, sat an old woman knitting and wearing a long white apron.

"Come in, dearie!" said the old woman. "I have been waiting for you this long time. Come and see what a nice house you have. It all belongs to you."

Grace thought it was very odd that a house should be fitted up for her in the moon; but, going in, she was greatly delighted to see dolls and dishes, books and flowers, and nobody there to want half of them, or to try and take them away. There were great wax dolls, dressed in velvet and lace, like fine ladies; and beautiful pink-cheeked dolls, with long white frocks like babies. There were trunks full of doll's hats, bonnets, shoes, etc.; there were sets of dishes and wonderful cooking stoves, and pots and pans of all sorts, puzzles, workboxes—everything by the dozen. When dinner-time came, up popped a table with everything that Grace liked to eat; and when she had finished, away it went again. When she was sleepy, the old woman came and put her in a nice little white bed, and in the morning dressed her in beautiful new clothes; and for a week or two Grace was so happy that she never once thought of home.

At the end of that time she grew very tired, however. She didn't care to dress or undress the dolls, or to look at the pictures all alone, or to play cook, or to sew, when there was no one to talk to.

"I want some one to play with," she said to the old woman.

"Very well, dearie," answered the old woman, as usual, and brought her some nice little cotton-wool children, six of them; but Grace got tired of them in two days; for, if she said anything, they said: "Oh, yes, certainly!" unless she said: "No, it is not!" when they also said, "No, it is not!" If she proposed a play, they all jumped up. If she said, "Let's undress the dolls!" they undressed the dolls like so many machines, and then stopped and stared at her, to see what was to come next; and so with everything that she undertook, till, quite out of patience, she said: "I would rather have Willie than all of your cotton-heads."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said her fairy godmother, popping in. "In that case, we will go and see if we can find him."

All this time, Willie was down deep in a great cave in the centre of the earth. It was quite as splendid in its way as Grace's house in the moon; and there Willie found rocking-horses, and tool-boxes and boxes of paints and railway trains, and steamboats that would run when you wound them up, and not a soul to be seen anywhere.

"That is a comfort," said Willie. "I shall have nobody to plague me."

So he used the tools, beat the drum, and rode the horses, and ran the trains, and nobody said "Don't!" or "Hush!" or "Be still!" for there was nobody there to say anything; and at first Willie found all that very delightful; but at last he began to say: "What is the use of painting? There is nobody to see what I paint. I am tired of these stupid old horses; real horses don't bob up and down like that. I can't be engine-driver, and guard and passengers, and firemen, and everything. And what is the good of hammering, and sawing, and planing, just to tire a fellow out? And I don't like to eat all alone by myself—nothing tastes nice. I would rather be home and have Grace to play with than have all these fine things."

"Oh, you would, would you?" said his godmother, bouncing in. "See now that you stick to that."

So she took him outside: and there was Grace waiting in the fairy's carriage. And the children were so glad to see each other again that they jumped up and down for joy. Then the fairy took them both home, where their mother was very glad to see them; and, at the last account, they were getting on finely together, and hadn't quarrelled yet; and it is a whole week since they came back.

GRATITUDE is a duty none can be excused from, because it is always at our disposal.

BABY MAY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round, large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catching up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutchings fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations.
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be woo'd to light by pressing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see the breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be:
That's May Bennett—that's my baby!

"Beauty all that beauty may be:—That's May Bennett—that's my baby."—(See Poem.)

SIMON GIRTY,
THE RENEGADE.

An Historical Tale of the Border.

By CHARLES McKNIGHT, Esq.,
Author of "Old Fort Du Quesne."

CHAPTER XCII.

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS.

Suppose three months to have passed since the events above related. Of our characters, Drusilla Swearingen is now at her father's house on Short creek, and with her Captain Brady, who after his visit to Fort Pitt had taken several scouts with Killbuck. Major Rose is back at Fort Pitt, still acting as aid to General Irvine, and living in his household. Save a little more abstraction and moodiness than usual, none even of his intimates could have guessed the heart-trouble he had passed through during his late absence from the fort.

Nothing of note had happened on the Wheeling border since Lew Wetzell's tragical adventure, already related, with the four Indians. In other directions, however, the failure of the Crawford expedition was producing its legitimate fruit. Besides a plentiful outcrop of wasting marauds and individual or family murders, several raids had occurred on a much more extensive scale, two of which we will make passing mention.

Hannahstown, the county seat of Westmoreland—which then comprised all southwestern Pennsylvania—was, on July 14th, attacked and burnt to the ground by a body of about two hundred Indians, said to have been under the lead of one of the Girty brothers, and coming from the Allegheny river by way of the Kiskiminitas.

The inhabitants all took refuge in the fort close by, which successfully withstood a vigorous attack, lasting until after night. The savages killed and captured quite a number of persons and slaughtered or drove off a great many horses and cattle, but finally left, laden with plunder.

They also surprised Miller's Station near by, where a wedding was in full progress. A number of the panic-stricken party were made prisoners, including the groom and bride, and a lady guest with her two young and beautiful daughters.

These last were afterwards surrendered to the British in Canada, and excited much attention for their beauty and sympathy from their misfortunes. One of them, Marion by name, so touched the heart of an English officer, that he soon after married her.

News, too, had lately arrived at Fort Henry of an important movement of the savages against the Kentucky border, and particularly of the unsuccessful assault on Bryant's Station by a body of six hundred savages, led by Simon Girty, which was followed a few days after by the bloody and terribly-disastrous "Battle of the Blue Licks," fought August 19th, at which Girty defeated, with dreadful slaughter, the force under Todd, Boone, Twigg and McGary.

Bryant's Station, near Lexington, Kentucky, had resisted all Girty's assaults. He himself had on the first day been struck down by a rifle ball, his life being saved by the leaden messenger having been deadened by a piece of thick sole leather which happened to be in his pouch at the time.

Finding little could be done without artillery, and that the principal chiefs were in favor of raising the siege, Girty mounted a large stump near one of the fastnesses and thought to try the effect of negotiation. He assured the heroic little band, numbering less than fifty, that resistance against his six hundred savages would only be madness; that he was hourly expecting reinforcements with artillery; that if the fort were taken by storm he could not save their lives from the enraged savages; but if they surrendered at once, he gave them his honor that not a hair of their heads would be injured.

The garrison listened in silence to Girty's speech, many of them looking very blank at the threat of approaching artillery; but a brave and high-spirited young fellow, by the name of Reynolds, yelled out in answer to Girty's query "whether the garrison knew him?" that he "was very well known; that he himself had a worthless cur, to which he had given the name of 'Simon Girty' in consequence of his striking resemblance to the renegade of that name; that if he had artillery or reinforcements he might bring them up and be ——; and that if he or any of his naked, painted scoundrels found their way into the fort, they wouldn't use guns on them, but switches;" and ending by the boast that the whole country was rising to their aid, and that if "he and his gang of cut-throats would not be gone, their scalps would be soon drying in the sun."

Girty, it may well be supposed, retired with great disgust at this bravado, but fearing that Reynolds' threats about the aid might be true, he hastily decamped during the night with his whole force.

The very next day Boone, Todd and Twigg brought forces, amounting in all to near two hundred men, in pursuit. Girty's trail was broad and clear, many of the trees being hacked with tomahawks as if inviting pursuit. As the impetuous pioneers reached the Licking, the Kentuckians saw the enemy's rear leisurely ascending the rocky ridge on the opposite bank.

A halt and a consultation of officers ensued. The veteran Boone strongly urged a delay until Colonel Logan would come up with his large force; that he (Boone) knew well the ground across the river; that Girty outnumbered them three to one, and that he much feared an ambuscade where two ravines ran together in such manner so as to allow of a front and flank attack at the same time.

Opinion was divided, and while they were engaged in hot and anxious discussion, the rash and hair-brained madcap, Colonel Hugh McGary, a desperado of the most reckless and headlong courage, who could never endure the sight of an enemy without instant battle—brought matters to a crisis by giving a loud war-whoop, waiving his hat above his head, dashing his horse into the stream, and shouting out "Let all who are not cowards follow me!"

The effect was electrical. Pell-mell, hurry-scurry, the mounted men dashed into the Licking, the footmen surging in among them in one tumultuous mass. Up the other side they madly dashed, the yelling and furious McGary far in the van.

No scouts were sent out ahead or on either side. Officers and men, infected with uncontrollable ardor by the boiling passion of one fiery man, were alike demented. It was the same old story so often repeated in the history of Indian warfare. Now the fatal spot where the two ravines headed, mentioned by Boone—that experienced old Indian fighter—was reached. Here the van suddenly halted, being violently attacked by an Indian force in ambush. The centre and rear now rush up. The fire soon becomes terribly destructive. A murderous hail ploughs through the exposed ranks on all sides.

It is Braddock's Fields over again. The enemy's flanks extend, enclosing their victims in a net. Scarce a redskin to be seen, and the whites, officers and men, huddled together like sheep, without sense or order. The officers fall on all sides—Todd and Trigg; Harland, McBride and Boone's son already killed.

The savages now extend their line to cut off return. This is noted at once, and a disorderly retreat is compelled. The savages leap out after them with appalling blood-curdling yells, and with their keen tomahawks deal destruction on all sides, making cruel slaughter.

The retreat soon degenerated into a most disorderly rout. It was no longer a command, but a rabble. The horsemen fled wildly back to the river, and mostly made good their escape, but the foot, and more especially the van, which were deepest enmeshed in the fatal net, suffered horribly—were almost destroyed.

The slaughter in the river was deplorable. The ford was absolutely choked with horse, foot and yelling savages. The pursuit was continued full twenty miles, although there was comparatively little loss after leaving the river.

Late in the evening the panting, exhausted remnant arrived at Bryant's station. The disastrous news soon spread, and the whole land was covered with mourning. Over sixty men of that force—and most of them the very hope and flower of Kentucky—were killed. On the very same day Colonel Logan arrived at Bryant's station at the head of no less than *four hundred and fifty gallant men.*

He resolved to advance, and the next day reached the bloody field of defeat. *The foe was gone!* There lay the bodies of the victims still unburied and almost unrecognizable, with immense flocks of buzzards, disturbed from their horrid feast, soaring over the ground.

A number of bodies lay in the ford partly consumed by fishes. The whole were collected and interred. The savages were by that time across the Ohio and on the road to the Chillicothe towns. Nothing at present remained but retreat and study of revenge.

Shortly after Gen. Rogers Clark made a return invasion with a thousand men against the Piqua towns on the Miami; but it was, in comparison, a barren victory, as all the Indian towns were found deserted, and but little injury, beyond the wasting of crops, etc., was inflicted.

CHAPTER XCIII.

DEATH OF M'COLLOCH—LEW WETZELL'S FEATS.

As stated, however, no movement in force had yet taken place on the Wheeling border. Blower had, indeed, brought, and Isaac Zane had sent, word that an attack on Fort Henry was part of the programme resolved upon in the Mad River Tribal Council, and scouts were constantly kept out; but, with the exception of a few trifling forays and depredations, nothing very alarming had yet occurred. We will allude only to such incidents as affect any of our *dramatis personæ.* About the last of July, Major Sam. McColloch, and his brother, John, hearing that "Indian signs" had been noted in the neighborhood, took horse from Van Metre's Fort and rode down nearly as far as Wheeling. Returning up the Ohio, they had passed "Girty's Point"—a terminal projection on the river hills, so called from its being the Renegade's favorite route of attack and retreat into Virginia—when all at once there burst upon their startled ears a deadly discharge of rifles from a matted copse that bordered their path.

The peerless and intrepid Major fell to rise no more. By the same volley John's horse was also killed; but he, leaping to the horse of his murdered brother, sprang off at a gallop. After riding about fifty yards, he turned in his saddle and found a crowd of savages breaking cover, and their leader brandishing a knife and bending over the Major's body to take his scalp.

Quick as a flash, John's rifle was aimed and discharged, bringing the chief down. He then sprang off and reached Van Metre's in safety.

The next day a party went out to bring in the major's body, which they found entire, except the scalp and heart. Some years after an Indian confessed that he was of the party, and that although John McColloch had killed a great captain they had killed a greater, and that the major's heart had been divided among them and eaten, so that, as he said, "We be bold like Major McColloch."

Shortly after this sad event, a man and a boy had, at different mornings, gone out from Fort Henry, lured by a wild turkey call, which was a frequent and very fatal Indian decoy on the frontier. *They never returned.* This "call," which although put in the mouth of every border hunter of the day, cannot well be imitated on paper, seemed always to come from the direction of a rocky cliff on the "horse shoe" of Wheeling Creek.

Lew Wetzell was not long in concluding where this noisy gobbler was concealed. He had often entered a spacious rocky cavern in the face of that hill, hanging at least sixty feet over the creek, and the entrance to which was at that time almost completely hidden by a tangled growth of vines and overhanging foliage.

So slipping out before dawn the next day, he stealthily made a rapid detour and stationed himself, with cocked rifle, directly above the mouth of the cavern.

He had not waited more than a half hour, before the red-crested and gaily-plumed gobbler, in the shape of a tufted, painted Indian warrior, came out on a little ledge before the cave, gave a wary, searching glance around from his commanding perch, and then craning out his neck, issued a low chuckle, followed by a loud, clear chug-a-logga, chug-a-logga, chug-a-logga-chug, in a most singular succession of gutturals poured forth in a crowded volume.

Wetzell's responsive chuckle was altogether internal and inaudible, but none the less triumphant. Drawing a careful bead at the gobbler's smooth and polished sconce, crack went his unerring rifle, and his gobbler's hip was doubled up like a jack-knife and never chuckled more.

At another subsequent scout after "Injun sign," Wetzell took shelter in the loft of a deserted cabin on the peninsula of Wheeling creek, and was preparing himself for a snug night's sleep, when to his utter dismay, six Indians, hideous in their war paint, stealthily entered the cabin below, one after another, and striking a fire, commenced preparing their evening meal.

Wetzell was as near a fright as such a singularly reckless desperado could ever get, but cocking his rifle and drawing his keen scalping knife, he waited for the first intimation of his discovery, determined to leap down among them and sell his life as dearly as possible.

Fortunately the redskins were weary with their long day's tramp, and without exploring the loft, lay down and were soon fast asleep. Wetzell patiently waited until all were locked in deepest slumber, crawled noiselessly down, slunk stealthily out of the door, and hid himself at a convenient distance.

At the earliest streak of dawn, a huge, burly savage stepped out of the door, gave a sleepy stretch and yawn, which was instantly changed into a dreadful groan as he dropped a corpse from the unerring bullet of the daring young borderer. His heart's blood was still gushing and staining the dewy grass ere his destroyer had breasted the hill which separated him from the fort. The murderous band took no scalps *that* trip.

It was just such menaces and stirring incidents as these that kept that frontier in perpetual alarm during all that summer. At no time, however, was there felt such complete security as on September the 8th. It was a Saturday, and Henri Kerr and Peter Neisewanger had just come in from a long and careful scout over the Indian country—which commenced just across the Ohio—and reported not the slightest trace of a hostile redskin. The next day was a Sabbath of complete rest.

On Monday morning, early, Andrew Zane and Larry—now grown to be a thriving and reputable settler of Fort Henry—were returning from Catfish (Washington, Pa.,) with a fresh supply of liquor. Probably never in all his life had Larry felt so exultant as he jogged his horse along the well known "trace," mounted on a bag for a saddle, in each end of which was snugly stowed away a full keg of "mountain dew."

He had just reached the brow which overlooked the fort and all its lovely surroundings, including his own humble cabin, and had taken a long and admiring gaze about, when, in the exuberance of his spirits he thus addressed his companion:

"Och, by me sowks, Misther Zane, but it makes a moighty big differ, an' so it does, whedder a Paddy bes a thramping vagabone, or a sober, respiktable family mon, wid his own bit shebeen an' a thrue, tinder-hearted wife to iver bid him wilcome to his own dure. Bedad, sir, but Larry Donohue's been knocked about ould Ireland loike a fut ball—from Dublin to Galway, and from Skibbereen to Ballybillin—iver since he wor the hoith o' yer leg."

"Why, Larry," laughed his companion, "you're getting devilish sentimental all at once. You musn't take your marriage so hard."

"Phat! hard is it?" replied Larry, earnestly. "An' shure it's joking ye be. Faith, thin, I wouldn't call King George himself my own kin. By the hokey, I've joost been athraining my brace uv winkers to kotch glint uv Misthress Donohue, the scwatest, purtiest and luvingest faymale that I've iver cookit eyes on, and that knowing an' invitating loike that—scwate good luck to her—she can trick ye up the matther uv a hot poonch or toddy, or a rasher of bacon and eggs, or a pan uv innocent corn dodgers as nate an' handy as iny Irish lass that iver peeled praties.

"God luve her, shure I'm far from faulting the wee tanned nymp uv the wuds, but she's wun wakeness I can't mind her uv. She'll niver be soshul loike wid the pigs and chuckens, but kapes slammin' the dure in their very faces, and shure it's not homesome to me av there's not a chicken a clucking, or a snip uv a pig a grunting around my bid; and thin she loikes wild mate betther nor tame, corn betther nor praties, and cloth loggins betther nor linsey-woolsey petticotes, but whin alls said and done, she's a good and darlint woife, and will be the makin' o' me, I can plain see that; but shure it's dhry slacking, Misther Zane, an' two kegs o' the rale ginooine stuff a waggin anunder me. I'll pull out wunct more the wee bit peg, and we'll wet our whissles wid this sthraw that I iver kapes convanyunt loike."

The two men descended from their nags, took off the bag, and while Larry was getting out the keg with the peg in it, Zane's quick eye was attracted by something peculiar lying under a clump of bushes right off the trail. He went to the spot and picked up an old moccasin. Larry took his swig, smacked his lips, and exclaimed:

"By the wig o' the grate Chafe Justice, Misther Zane, but that's a sarching and toothsome artickle. It's sthrong enough to make a pig schquale. Troth, an' it wouldn't take more nor three noggings o' that to make a mon as dhrunk as a wheelbarrow; but, saints be about us, phat's that durty ould foot-wrap you've picked up?"

"Come here, Larry!" said Zane, in quick, anxious tones, looking warily about among the trees; "something mighty suspicious about here. This is a *Huron* moccasin! See how dark and soft it is! The skin's dressed with deer hairs, and the beads are the new English pattern. And look, under that low dogwood are some new cuttings. There's been a far-away Injun squatting there watching this trail, sure's your born. He's traveled far and has had to make a new moccasin. Come, let's bury the whisky under these bushes and gallop to the fort."

It was done in a moment, and the two soon clattered down the hill and delivered their news. The returned scouts laughed at their fears, said they had just ransacked the whole Indian country, and there wasn't a yaller-hide within a day's tramp. They poked much fun at Larry's scouting, and called him a "greenhorn." Larry began to think he was, too, and soon a large party started back with him to get the whisky, and enjoy a grand spree. In *this* kind of business Larry certainly was their superior, and became their willing leader.

On their way back they stopped at Indian Spring, a short distance from the fort, and were having a right jolly time with the catfish and spirits, when all at once alarm guns were heard from two scouts, who had been sent to Zane's

Island," and at the same moment a large body of Indians could be seen crossing Wheeling Creek, just above Buckwater, then traversing the bottom and then advancing in a circuit, to mount the elevated plateau upon which stood Fort Henry.

How was this! a numerous and formidable foe not only over the Ohio, but across Wheeling Creek, before a man of them was discovered. It argued well for the skill and craft of the leader, whoever he was, for he must have divided up his command into small parties, and avoided all the regular trails.

All was instant confusion and alarm. There was an immediate rush made by the revelers and all the families from the various cabins into the fort. There was hurrying and bustle within the stockade.

The great gates were thrown to; the magazine and storehouse opened and hasty preparations were made for defence. Lead, guns, tomahawks, scalping-knives, spears and every kind of weapon were dragged from their concealment, and the women, Lydia Boggs and a certain Betsy Wheat, a perfect amazon in strength and warlike spirit, leading the van.

At the first intimation of danger, Captain Boggs, the commandant, mounted the fleetest horse and scurried furiously off towards the settlements of Cross, Short and Buffalo Creeks for aid. It was needed badly, and quickly. Lew Wetzell and some of the best scouts were absent. There were only about thirty men and boys to defend that most important border-station, and some of these sick or wounded. All the rest were women and helpless children.

In the absence of Captain Boggs the command was given to a brave and resolute man by the name of Copeland Sullivan, who, with two assistants, had, but a short time previous to the enemy's appearance, landed at the river bank with a pirogue loaded with cannon-ball from Fort Pitt, and designed for General Rogers Clark, at Louisville. Sullivan at once won the confidence of the whole garrison by his coolness and his efficiency.

CHAPTER XCIV.

GIRTY LAYS SIEGE TO FORT HENRY.

We have said that the inmates of the cabins outside the palisades deserted them for the fort. There was one most notable exception. At the first siege of Fort Henry, in '77, five years previous, Colonel Ebenezer Zane's home had been destroyed, his buildings burned and all his cattle killed.

He therefore resolved that, in case of another siege, he would stay by his property and defend it to the last. His house was, like all the others then on the border, built of thick logs, and bullet proof. Some attention had been given to increasing and perfecting its defences, and here the colonel with his sister Betty, his brother Silas, two brothers by the name of Green and his black Sam, were stationed with what was deemed an ample supply of ammunition.

The enemy were now anxiously awaited, in order that their character and number might be determined. The strangers did not tarry, but soon turned the southeast corner of the fort and deployed out on the cleared interval between the south end of the stockade and the wooded declivity overlooking Wheeling creek and its "bottom."

First appeared the sturdy, square-built, determined-looking leader, dressed in full scout's costume, immediately followed by a company, some fifty in number, known as the British Rangers, with the English flag gallantly floating above them, headed by a noisy fife and drum, and commanded by Capt. Pratt, gorgeously apparelled in full uniform. Behind this company were irregularly massed a motley crowd of savages to the number of about two hundred.

Simon Girty, for it was no less a person than our old acquaintance who had the command of all the forces, now signalled the music to cease, advanced towards the fort, in full view of its few but gallant defenders, and formally demanded a surrender, promising the best protection King George could afford.

The summons was instantly rejected by Sullivan, amid the shouts and taunts of those who lined the stockades. The enemy now retired around the bastion to the east side—all save Girty, who, mounted on a stump and waving a little white flag, argued for the immediate delivery of the fort, in order to save the shedding of blood, and said he would not be responsible for the control of his followers, should he be obliged to take the place by storm. He and his savages, both white and red, were defied to do their utmost, and Girty himself was loaded with every variety of opprobrious epithet.

Just as he was angrily turning on his heel, a stalwart figure in full scout's dress, leaped upon the palisades and shouted out with stentorian voice: "Hide a bit, av ye plaze, Misther Girthy; d'ye moind him that's spaking to ye?"

Girty, very wrathful at being so *mistered* by a common scout, turned in some astonishment at the familiar voice, gazed steadily at Larry's commanding form, and sneered out: "Don't think I ever saw you before, my man, unless you're the wild and blathering Irishman that I once caught, and hoped I'd seen the last of. Your brogue and tongue sounds loike his."

"Och, bad fate to ye, Girthy, but it's a durthy birrd that fouls its own nest. Verra sorra I be, ye blackguard, that ye hail from ould Ireland, but, by all the powders o' war, I *am* that same Irishman, Larry Donohue, at yer service, and I make bowld to tell yiz that ye've trated me rale scandhus and oudacius, and that I bear yet in me breast the bite o' yer lead."

"And why didn't it kill ye, as I meant?" snarled out the Renegade.

"Be jabers, thin, an' shure I don't know," grinned Larry, good-naturedly, scratching his short, stubby hair, "av it wasn't that I'm kept over to take the concate intirely out uv Simon Girthy. It's no malice I bear ye, ye ould tory, more betoken that ye've holpen me to a swate wife; but before the whole fort here I now banther ye, in all fairity, to foight a jual wid me—choosing yer own weepons—fists, single-stick, shillelay, knife, pistol, rifle or tomahawk. Tip me the word, mon, an' I'm down to yiz."

Loud cheers and laughs went up from the fort at Larry's novel way of settling disputes, and Girty, in great disgust, turned to walk away, only saying, "Ye'll find, man, before all's over, that ye've made a blunder by insulting a king's officer with a blathering bog-trotter, and as for *you*, ye fool, go to the devil, will you!"

"Aye, faith and that will I, and av ye been't him, bedad yer his neardest relation. Av yer no coward, ye bluidy traithor, sthay fur me!" and much to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly, tomahawk in hand, vaulted his body over the stockade, constructed of perpendicular logs about seventeen feet high, hung himself down by his hands, and then dropped.

A wonderful commotion ensued at this dare-devil act. Larry's feet had scarce touched earth before Not-ta-way appeared in his vacant place, screaming for him to come back. Sullivan ordered him to do the same. Others ran to open the sallyport. But Larry's wrath was up in arms at Girty's contemptuous epithets, and, soon as he could pick himself up, he ran forward to meet his hated foe.

Girty could scarce believe his eyes when he saw this reckless exploit of Larry's. Had you been near the outlaw then, you would have seen a vicious fire leap into his wary eyes, and heard a low chuckle of delight, ending in "The cursed marplot meant it after all."

As stated, all this took place on the south side of the fort, where the ground between it and the steep declivity which stretched down to the creek "bottom" had been completely denuded of trees. Towards this descent Girty, as if half-afraid to meet his pursuer's furious onslaught, led the way.

Larry, in spite of the warning cries from the ramparts, and not seeing a single foe in sight, swiftly followed, hoping to overtake and capture the outlaw before he reached the woody declivity.

Just as Girty was within a single step of the brow of the hill, he turned with a snarling laugh, and exclaimed:

"Ha! ha! ha! Ye thought, ye ninny, I was as big an ass as yourself, did ye? You're too fresh caught to match with a Girty. Now for my turn!"

"He whistled shrill.
And he was answered from the hill;
On right, on left, above, below,
Spring up at once the lurking foe.
And every tuft of brush gives life
To painted warriors armed for strife."

As the Renegade made his bound down the descent, he cried out in Indian: "Don't harm the crazy unmskull, but save him for the torture," and Larry rushed right into the arms of his deadly foes. They seemed to swarm out of the grass and brush on every side and leaped upon the astounded Irishman like a pack of hungry wolves upon a wounded buck.

Poor Larry was borne to the earth on the instant. A dozen scouts, headed by Sam Kerr, had made a rush from the sallyport for his rescue, but the lookout from the elevated cannon-platform had detected a large number of savages crouching just beyond the crest of the hill, and shouted out an anxious warning.

What were a dozen against a hundred! They turned and bounded for the gate. The baffled savages now leaped upon the plateau, and uttering a terrific yell, sent after them a cloud of whistling bullets, which pattered against the tough white-oak pickets and closing gate like hail.

Our rash and unfortunate Irishman was the only victim of Girty's well-planned decoy.

The Renegade, with that devilish shrewdness which marked his career, had shown but little over two-thirds of his force, and on that side of the fort, too, which alone admitted of an ambush. A hundred picked Indians had been artfully concealed on the pitch of the hill, just beyond its crown and on the very edge of the forest.

Girty's design had been to decoy the whole garrison after him, and thus return with interest the fatal ambush which the Wheeling scouts had sprung on him at Killbuck Creek.

Larry's blundering rashness, however, had defeated this stratagem and saved the garrison. Girty was, therefore, the more infuriated at him.

A perfect calm now ensued. Girty retired his whole force to his camp about the Indian Spring. The little garrison had already an awakening as to the number and quality of their foes, and anxiously redoubled their efforts to put the stockade in the best possible condition for defence.

Poor Larry, for a time after his capture, lay like a log, stunned, mortified and dejected. The thongs which cut so sharply into his flesh were as nothing to the mental pangs he felt at being so cruelly deceived, and so easily trapped. What would become of Nettoway, and what would the whole fort think of his rash folly.

The experienced borderers generally, save a few madcaps like Pope, Wetzell, Kenton, McGarry, and McCulloch, were "daring where daring was the wiser part—prudent when discretion was valor's better self," and Larry had sense enough to see that he had acted with foolish bravado, which was very far from good sense. However, as he lay there brooding over his discomfiture, he began to perceive the design of the ambush, and soon felt a certain pride and content that his folly had probably saved the fort.

He was shortly afterwards picked up by a detail of soldiers and carried, by a circuit, along the side of the hill towards the camp. As he was borne, sad, dejected, and with closed eyes, past a crowd of smoking Indian chiefs, one of them who had not been with the ambuscade party, suddenly rushed forward, clutched him by his short red hair, and cried out with great vehemence, in broken, very broken English:

"Ugh! you vely much — tief! Wat for you steal Nettoway and Tutela. Where be dem now, hey? Muss talk soon ur he kill and scalp."

It was Wa-cons-ta. He had given Larry a very rude shock, jarring and irritating his whole nervous system, bringing his eyes, with a sudden snap, to a wide stare, and flushing his face with anger.

"Aff wid ye now, ye owdashus vagabone!" he cried, with great disgust and indignation. "By the mortial, av ye don't immadeyntly lift yer dirthy talons from my pate, I'll make an ongliaint corpse uv you. An' phat know I of yer haythen names, Nettoway and Tutelu? Shure the foremust—and may the Lord be betune her and harm—is my own woman biddy, and the hindermost bedad was furst stoled by you, and it's yerself, ye blackguard, that's the rale thafe of the wur-r-rid. Ough! Ough! Ough! bad scran to ye, sojers, and wud ye stan by, grinning loike so many rat thraps, and see a Christyun mon lugged and wooled by a nakid haythun, wid a sconce smoother nor a cipper biler. Fair play's a jewall, says I, be jabers; ayther kape the painted divil aff, or guv me hands an' feet and let me to him. I'll whup him as say as kiss my hand."

The soldiers had now, with some difficulty, forced the chief off, and set Larry under a tree on the edge of the British camp. He would have been fairly boiling over with indignation, had not his rude encounter with Wakousta given him his first hope of escape from his hard fate. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUNE.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Oh, fair enchantress of the woodland glen,
Your radiant beauty all my being thrills.
I heard your coming on the distant hills.
Your voice was echoed by the chanting rills;
And earth was robed in such a shimmering glow
Of fairy queen. It seemed to me that even heaven bowed low
To catch the music of your coming feet,
And breathe the incense of your kisses sweet.

Oh, fair enchantress, queen of all the year,
Soft strains of music steal from out the skies.
And roses wakened, with a sweet surprise
Reflect the splendor of your smiling eyes.
The larks spread out their russet wings on high.
Like painted shadows floating toward the sky.
Hillside and valley, garlanded with bloom,
Unite to welcome thee, our peerless June!

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN!

BY PIERCE EGAN,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "Violet; or, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase," "Her First Love," Etc., Etc., Etc.,

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SECRET OF IDENTIFICATION.

Harcourt found the woman of whom he was in search without difficulty, although he went about his task like one in a dream.

That he should have lighted on the person who had been Lao's personal attendant before he married her was another of the extraordinary coincidences which had attended his arrival in England. Yet more wonderful that he should have chanced upon a boy whom he had no more doubt was Lao's offspring than he had that Giftie was his—nay, not so much.

To say he was bewildered does not aptly describe his condition. He was like one who had received a tremendous shock, which, while it left him the possession of all other faculties, deprived him of the power of connected thought. It is true he in some way linked the boy Leo with his wife and the photograph which he had discovered in her possession; but his brain ached, and was too distracted to shape out the circumstances which so mysteriously united them. That Lao had contracted an alliance with him—the original of that photograph—with any man—as he had with Floye, before they met, had never occurred to him—he had never suspected such a thing; but now!

He tried to work out all the possibilities, or even the probabilities, of such a conception till he was utterly exhausted, and it was a relief when, in answer to a summons which he made at the door of the cottage to which he had been directed, a woman's face presented itself to him, which he recognized the moment he beheld it.

The recognition was mutual, too, and a glance at Giftie seemed at once to make her, with a woman's quickness of apprehension, leap to the object of his visit to her.

She ushered him into the cottage, saying, with a smile, that she should have known him again "out of a thousand."

Then she turned her smiling features upon Giftie; but in a moment her whole countenance changed, her eyes enlarged to their fullest extent, and it seemed as if a tremor ran swiftly over her frame.

She had recognized Harcourt readily enough; but Giftie—no!

"Heaven have mercy upon us! this is not——" she exclaimed, with a little shudder, and paused.

"A—yes," responded Harcourt, reddening, mentally supplying the hiatus in her speech.

The woman shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said, slowly, as she scanned Giftie's features closely; "not the child that I nourished in place of my dead babe, and reared until she could toddle about, and you almost broke my heart by taking from me."

"The—a—the same—the very same," rejoined Harcourt, a little huskily. "I devoutly wish I had never removed her; but that is useless now."

The woman scanned her features closely again.

"There must be some mistake," she responded, half in soliloquy. "The hair is darker, though it is luxuriantly beautiful, as the darling's was; but the eyes—the eyes—the expression of the dear eyes of the sweet little fairy I nursed was angelic; but in this one—this—it is——"

She paused.

Giftie had drunk in every word the woman uttered, and had fastened her gaze upon her with a directness which was evidently embarrassing. When she stopped short, Giftie pursed her lips forward; and with knitted brow demanded, sharply:

"What? An imp's? That's what they used to say at Pendragon. Out with it! Don't be ashamed to tell the truth if you think it. I'm not."

With a kind of fear, the woman recoiled a little as she saw the weird expression flit over the beautiful features turned towards her, and folding her arms over each other and compressing her hands, with a little shiver, muttered:

"It is impossible!"

A wild, eldritch laugh burst from Giftie's lips.

"What a wise nurse not to remember the child she nursed as her own, and sung hush-a-by-baby to, and yet recollect you," she cried, scornfully, as she turned to Harcourt. "Let us go, father, and find the right woman."

"A—you—you—you—must not call me father," hurriedly objected Harcourt.

"No—papa—you should say papa," admonished the woman, instinctively.

Giftie wheeled round swiftly.

"When I kneel down to say my prayers to him who made us all I say 'Our Father.' Is he greater than the Lord above?"

As the girl said this, in a voice that thrilled both, she drew her form erect and pointed upwards.

A dead silence immediately ensued, for Harcourt and the woman were absolutely electrified by this quite unlooked for ebullition from the strange child. It was, however, immediately broken by a voice from the threshold of an open door leading to an inner room.

"Words o' wisdom hout o' the mouth of a hinnocent orfspring," were the words which were uttered by that voice, which seemed to be impregnated with a severe cold, and to belong to one who was desirous the world should believe him to be so good—oh, so commendably good.

Harcourt looked in the direction and saw a man, garbed in the dress of a railway porter, trim and clean in his appearance, sinewy and wiry in frame, but with a sallow complexion, black, straight hair, and a nose very like the beak of a parrot.

"Ah!" ejaculated Harcourt, hastily; "Twopenny, is it you?"

Mr. Twopenny, for that was the railway porter's name, closed both eyes, and in a tone that almost made Harcourt's eyes water in sympathy with his apparent bad catarrh, launched out:

"It's me, Twopenny, sir; and I ain't ashamed on my name, sir, as I was born with it. I ain't disgraced it neether, and the scorfs and charf of, and daily collusion with idiotics and low beasts, don't tilt me over, don't worrit me a bit. I bears my cross with meekness and placitude, an' shall as long as I can say with pride and honesture that Twopenny is as bright and good a coin as any in the rellum."

After he had delivered this exordium, which by a cough to clear his throat appeared to be the prelude to an harangue, he advanced two or three steps and closed his eyes, but his wife exclaimed, sharply:

"Don't make yourself a fool, Shaphat, but come here. Do you know this gentleman?"

Shaphat obeyed his wife as promptly as no doubt he would and did a "first class" passenger with the semblance of a duke.

He shuffled quickly up to Harcourt, and examined his features with screwed up eyelids.

"Go back to the days when we lost our first and only blessing," pursued the woman.

He shut his eyes, and elevated his chin.

"I remembers the days of my 'umbling an' chas'ning," he cried, with a wailing croak. "Lo! I've lifted up my pore voice an' wep' akorldin' tears about 'em skores o' times an' oft."

Giftie gave vent to a shriek of laughter.

"They'd give you rotton onions and cabbage stalks if they had you in Pendragon," she remarked, with a chuckle. "I would. We don't like ranters there."

Shaphat Twopenny opened his eyes wide, and stared at her.

"Ah!" said his wife, with emphasis, "you may look at her again and again. If any one ought to know her you ought. Speak, Shap, and do keep your swangtimony for the meeting house. I'm in no humor for any of it just now, I can tell you. Who's this gentleman, I say?"

Shaphat, at this admonition, promptly lost a portion of that commingling of influenza with the tones of his voice when he spoke again.

He renewed his examination of Harcourt's features; then he turned his eyes on Giftie. A cry—a gasp that was genuinely hysterical—escaped him.

"I understand you now, Faith," he exclaimed, gutturally. "When it pleased our Father to take from us our little pearl of great price, He sent us another to comfort us, and this is the gentleman who was His messenger."

"Of course," ejaculated his wife, quickly; "but the babe, Dot—the darling we loved so mush——"

"The dove with the olive branch that flewed to our hark," jerked Shaphat. "The cherubem whoam we nestled in our 'art of 'arts——"

"Look there," interrupted his wife, pointing to Giftie, "is she her?"

Mr. Twopenny's eyes wobbled about like tiny balls on a miniature fountain, and with rather a violent jump off his fanatic stilts, he exclaimed:

"No."

"I know it," remarked Mrs. Twopenny, emphatically.

"Do not be too hasty," subjoined Harcourt, quickly. "I have not seen her for ten long years; but in that period a strange life and many trials make wonderful alterations in the appearance of the young as well as the old, and——"

Shaphat Twopenny raised his hands to stay further speech.

"I 'ain't aisty. I am old slow an' sure, as they calls me at the station. I knows the tortose beat the 'are, and 'ow—I knows 'ow. Look here, sir, I don't rekkernize that young chit nohow; but the babey I loved as it was my own I iderlized in a 'eethenish, hidol-wustshippin' way, an' that babey I can 'dentify at any time an' everywhere in the wide, wide world."

"How?" demanded Harcourt and Faith Twopenny together and with no little eagerness.

Twopenny brought out a thick cotton handkerchief and wiped the thick moisture from his brow, staring at Giftie as though he would read her through and through.

Unable to endure his searching look, she turned up her nose and lip, protruded the tip of her tongue, and then presented to him her back, apparently to offer him that feature for his inspection.

He rolled his eyeballs backwards into his head, and smiled serenely, as he said:

"It is wuth something, I sepose, Mr. Arcutt—for that's your name, and I knows *you*, at all events—to make dead sure that this ere young gal is the child as you left with my ou'y too dear wife to muss ten year ago?"

"It is, Twopenny," returned Harcourt, readily.

"It is also wuth quite as much to be able to make dead sure that she is *not* that blessed babey."

"It is," answered Harcourt, with equal readiness.

"Then, as business is business, what will you stand if I proves her to be one or t'other?" remarked Mr. Twopenny, with the kind of firmness which seemed to say that, "babey" or not, his mercenary proclivities were not influenced by mere mawkish sentiment.

Harcourt reflected a moment, and glanced at Giftie, whose complexion had become all colors like the rainbow. There were thick veins prominent on her temples, her throat seemed swollen as if she were choking, and her angry eyes seemed to glance lurid sparks.

He drew a deep breath.

"What a relief it will be to me if, after all, she should *not* be my child," he thought.

He hastily drew out a bank note, and held it up before Twopenny's greedy eyes.

"This as an earnest of the future," he said. "I will largely increase it if you satisfy me on either point. I am a gentleman, and a man of my word."

Twopenny took the note—it was for ten pounds. He folded it up and handed it to his wife.

"My savings bank and provident fund," he exclaimed, jerking his thumb towards his positively better half with a peculiar grin, which intimated that he nourished a hidden thought on this point. Then, addressing her, with eyelids down and nose in the air, he said:

"My Faith, my staff o' life, my comforter and shield from sinful temptations, how many quarrels have we had in our lives?"

"Quarrels!" she repeated, with a curling lip, as much as to say that he knew it was more than his nose was worth to quarrel with her, "we don't quarrel—not likely."

"Wunce, my Faith an' 'ope—wunce, I think."

The woman started, and in an instant a crimson flush leaped to her forehead. She almost darted at Giftie, and caught her by the hand and forearm. She turned to Harcourt, and said with voluble rapidity:

"My husband, sir, doted on the Tottie as if it were his own, and used to whine about the day she would be taken away from us by you. One morning I had to run out, and left her in his care, and when I came back I found that with a needle and some gunpowder he had worked a ring round her wrist in order that in days to come he might know her again if he met her. It was bleeding and inflamed. I was very angry, and we quarreled then as we have never quarreled since. I thought it so cruel."

"Ah!" rejoined Shaphat, "you didn't think it cruel, though, to use that copper stick about my poor head, until it was like a lump o' black currant jelly."

But Faith Twopenny did not listen to this reminiscence. She hastily drew the sleeve of Giftie's dress up her arm, and in a voice that quivered with suppressed emotion, she exclaimed, as she pointed to a thin blue line encircling the bared wrist:

"How did you get this?"

Giftie looked up at her angrily and wrenched her hand away.

"Stuff! How should I know? I suppose it came of itself."

But Harcourt hastily gripped her arm, and, with a harsh expression, bade her let him examine the mark, and, as she reluctantly complied with his command, Shaphat also peered down at it.

"That's it," he said, emphatically. "I knows my own handiwork. She's our babey. The ways o' Providence is——"

His wife pushed him aside, and parting Giftie's hair from her temples, she gazed pitifully in her eyes.

"It is our little darling, after all," she cried, with tears streaming down her cheek. "It is, it must be her. Oh! my blessed darling—you were the prettiest, purest, sweetest angel when with me, and if you had never left me you would not be like this now."

Giftie's face was aflame. There was a rising in her throat and a scalding rush of tears brought up by wounded pride which filled her eyelids, but did not overleap their boundary. She rudely pushed Faith Twopenny from her.

"Like this? Like what?" she demanded, as she glanced down at her silken, fashionably made dress and her high boots. "You are an idiot. Can't you see I am a young lady now?"

Harcourt interposed, and with a few kindly words soothed her into a more complacent frame of mind by a series of reckless promises. He had no longer any doubt as to her being his child, and, therefore, stronger reason than ever to place her with some one on whom he could rely, and though he did not like the proximity of Mary Lavender, he nevertheless determined to place her at present in the charge of Mrs. Twopenny.

A long and anxious discussion on the subject at length resulted in an arrangement to place Giftie at a ladies' school a few miles away, the address of which should be known only to Mrs. Twopenny and Harcourt, and where she would be under the supervision of the former until the time came to make any change that might be necessary.

Giftie listened intently to the negotiations, but maintained a grim silence. When all was concluded, and Harcourt, taking her a little aside, counselled her to be tractable and obedient, she turned her eloquent eyes upon his, and, with a slight quiver of her upper lip, answered:

"What am I to do? I won't go back to Deb Keyne—and—I'm only a bit of driftwood in a tideway; I must follow its set. I suppose I'll be good—it will be best; but they must be good to me, or——"

Harcourt checked her.

"Everybody will be good to you," he said, soothingly; "as good as I will be to you, if——"

"*Are* you my father?" she interrupted, abruptly.

He shrugged his shoulders, and with a scarlet suffusion of the cheeks—

"Do not ask such absurd questions, child," he replied, evasively.

"Ah! you are not—you are not!" she cried, articulating her words with great difficulty; "or you would not leave me in this heartless way; but then I don't care—why should *I* care?"

The last words came quite hoarsely from her throat as she turned her back to him.

Mrs. Twopenny lifted her apron to her eyes, and Harcourt, placing his hand on her shoulder, bent over her as if he would kiss a farewell upon her cheek, when Shaphat observed, through his nose:

"Ah! my lambling, 'Don't care' came to a bad end."

She shook Harcourt's hand off, and facing Mr. Twopenny, with a savage sobbing, shook both her clenched hands at him.

"You will," she cried, "if you interfere with me."

Mr. Twopenny looked at her eyes, marvelled, and snorted.

A railway bell sounded at this moment, and startled them.

"My train," exclaimed Harcourt, and patting Giftie on the head, he said, "Tat-ta, little woman. Do not forget."

Without another word, he hurried from the cottage, briskly followed by Shaphat, who was also due at the platform.

Giftie ran to the window as the door closed with a bang, and watched him until he disappeared from her sight.

Then she tottered back to the centre of the room, and cast herself recklessly on the floor.

"Forget!" bubbled wildly from her lips; "forget! Oh, that I were in the whirl of the Devil's Race now! I would show him how to forget. Oh, my heart! how it aches—aches—aches!"

She bowed her forehead upon her knees, clasped them with her hands, and sobbed as if her young heart were breaking.

Faith Twopenny watched her in silence a moment or more; then she muttered with emotion:

"Oh, sin! Oh, shame! Poor child!"

She flung her apron over her head, and she wept outright.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE OPERA—THE DEAD ALIVE.

There was Lao to face! Somehow, the work of the last four or five days paled before that anticipated ordeal.

As distance separated him farther from Giftie, and lessened between him and Lao, Harcourt's agitation increased.

It was not alone that he had, with a seeming wearied indifference, to go through the details of a coined lie in reference to his journey under the full blaze of her suspicious eyes, and to see by the scornful working of her lips that she was not dull by a convenient credulity, but that he had, also, to hide from her his discovery of that boy in charge of a former maid of hers, and the dark imaginings it conjured up.

It had, however, to be done—there was no shirking it; and at nightfall he found himself at the Cavendish Hotel, ascending the broad, carpeted staircase with what had been expressly described as the lardy-dardy air of one who had nothing on his mind but how to kill time in the easiest way.

He heard the clock on the staircase chime the three-quarters. He looked at the large face. It wanted a quarter of nine.

As he passed along the corridor a lady, enveloped in a dark cloak, with a hood over her head, concealing all her features but her eyes, passed him with a swift step, and a great rustling, as if the dress and train were *en grande tenue*.

But the eyes!

They were Lao's, surely. No other woman he had ever met had such eyes.

He turned to look after her, and saw her glide, phantom-like, but with the same swift step, down the staircase he had just ascended. But he saw no more of her face.

He turned, and another female brushed past him and flew, rather than ran, down the staircase.

It was surely Lao's maid. He could not be deceived in her. He waited to see her return, but some strangers commencing to ascend the stairs he continued his way to the sitting room, where he had expected to find Lao. It was deserted, and the gas was turned low in the chandelier.

He rang the bell as if he would break the wire, and waited, with fretful impatience, for some one to answer the summons. He rang five times in as many minutes, and it seemed two years.

The tallow-faced footman, with apparently spermaceti ointment spread thickly over his neutral-tinted hair, made his appearance, and looked as if he had been urged by the successive peals to suppose that the room was in a blaze, and he was invited to rush blindly on to his death.

Harcourt, in a fury, asked him half a dozen questions, to which he returned such incoherent answers that Harcourt almost howled—

"Send my man to me, lunatic."

As if by inspiration his man knew his master had returned. He glided into the room as spermaceti and tallow glided out.

Harcourt turned sternly to him, and said, brusquely:

"Where's Mrs. Harcourt? In her room, I suppose?"

"Not exactly in her room, sir," returned the man; "leastways, she wasn't five minutes ago, for I saw her into the carriage, and shut up the steps for her."

"In the carriage," repeated Harcourt, in a mystified tone.

"Yes, sir, and I should, o' course, have gone along with it, but that 'ansom young page, as mistress rather approves on, arst me to let him go in my place; so I did."

"Gone where?" demanded Harcourt, stiffly, and full of amazement he strove to hide.

"Th' Opera, sir."

"The Opera?" repeated Harcourt, beneath his breath.

A stream of disquieting ideas surged through his brain.

"Alone?" he asked.

"Alone," returned the man.

Harcourt mused a moment, and then, looking steadfastly at the man, he said, in something of an undertone:

"What have you to tell me, Picket?"

The man looked down with affected sheepishness.

"Nothing much, sir."

"Your mistress has been out, of course?"

"Yes, sir; mostly in the park."

"Merely a drive—met no acquaintances?"

"Not at fust, sir; on'y one gentleman, as stopped and talked."

"Only at first; what since?"

"Why, last two days been different, sir; been a mounted troop o' gentlemen sporting round our carriage, sir; and when, by my mistress' orders, the carriage was drawed by the rails on the path side, we'd quite a general's staff in 'tendance on us."

Harcourt felt his breath taken from him. The man looked up at him under his eyelashes.

"My mistress looked very down and dashed the fust two days you went away, but since the gentleman called on her, and she's seen so many in Hy' Park, she've been quite gay an' up in the stirrups."

Harcourt gnashed his teeth, but said nothing more.

"What is the name of the gentleman who called?"

The man brought from a side pocket in his coat an oblong betting-book; from between its leaves he produced a card, and handed it to his master.

Harcourt took it, and read the name of Colonel De Rougemont.

For a moment a film overspread his eyes. He felt dizzy, and but for a strong effort he would have staggered back like a drunken man. He, however, recovered himself, and with a wave of his hand said, coldly:

"Leave me."

"I was going to tell you about the visit of that gent——"

"Leave me," shouted Harcourt, with a vicious snarl.

The man backed to the door with a disappointed look. He had kept what he had heard at the interview for a *bonne bouche* which would be very remunerative to him, but he saw it was not possible or even politic to proceed with it just now.

With a crimsoned face, betokening intense inward passion, with difficulty repressed, he added, in a rapid tone, with quivering lips:

"Order dinner for me, to be served in the coffee-room instantly. Any *menu*—I care not what, so that it be quickly done. Then follow me to my room, and assist me to dress."

When the man disappeared he paced up and down the room like a fuming tiger.

"De Rougemont!" he forced between his grating teeth. "De Rougemont—a professed libertine, of whose advances *she* complained to *me*. He has lost no time and she has received him in my absence."

A volley of angry expletives burst from his lips.

"She must have given him secret encouragement, or he would not have obtruded himself here. She has, I'll swear it. At heart, I am sure, she is as frail as a Venetian Cameriera, and reckless, if she resolves upon any step, as a blind maniac. I am not jealous of her. Pshaw! I loathe her too deeply for that. Has she not deeply wronged me? Did she not, sticking at nothing, I am sure, inveigle me into marrying her, just as I had come into my fortune, and I might have been so happy with Floye? Poor Floye! I—I—I——"

He burst into a wild fit of sobbing, so that his frame shook convulsively. But he impatiently forced back his tears, and clenched both hands. With a murderous expression in his eyes he muttered, savagely:

"I will scatter his brains with a bullet, and her I'll—I'll—— She has paused at no crime to wreck my happiness, and I'll—I'll—— Stay, let me think. I must not be precipitate, or I may rob myself of my revenge. I will act cautiously, affect to see nothing, to be the shallow fool she tells me I am, and guide her into unconsciously liberating me from the accursed bonds that bind me to her. That boy—that boy in Lavender's charge—I must at any cost and risk obtain possession of him, and then—aha!—then! Well, to the day, the day."

After this one-sided burst, in which he utterly ignored the infamy of his own conduct to Floye, he hurried to his dressing-room and made his toilet, and, like Lao, with unusual care, although far more quickly.

Then he dined with the rapacity of a famished wolf, swallowed a half bottle of Chateau Yquem, a pint of Pommery sec, and topped up with a "liqueur" of curacoa. Thus primed, he believed himself capable to face any situation.

He even laughed as a cab rattled him down to the opera house.

"The shallow fool will not show his hand this time, I think," he murmured.

He was fortunate in obtaining a stall, for it was a grand night, being the second appearance of a new *prima donna*, whose reputation had not only preceded her, but who had created quite a *furore* at her *debut*. The house was, therefore, crammed from orchestra to the farthest seat in the amphitheatre. The stall which Harcourt had fortunately obtained gave him an excellent opportunity of examining the tenants of the pit stalls, and his double glasses brought the faces of the aristocratic beauties of the private boxes within a few feet of his own.

He, however, subsided, as it were, into his seat, desirous of not attracting any attention—a feat rather difficult of accomplishment, by the way, in that crowded assemblage; but, nevertheless, he surveyed his neighbors first, and satisfied himself that Lao was nowhere at hand. Then, while the audience were riveted by the impassioned singing of the young and handsome *debutante*, he swept the boxes tier after tier with his glasses, but without discovering Lao.

"Tricked!" he muttered. "She has gone somewhere else. Where?—where? To meet De Rougemont, I'll be sworn. I'll——"

Before he could finish his mental objurgations, a voice at his elbow cried, rather loudly, in the midst of a storm of plaudits:

"Egad! Who is De Rougemont's new quarry? Mars and Venus! the hawk is circling over a beautiful bird this time."

He turned. The speaker, a blonde aristocrat of the "first water," was a stranger to him, and was addressing a companion on his opposite side, whose face at the moment he could not catch; but he heard him reply, eagerly:

"New quarry! Where?"

"Yonder, in that box—the third from the stage in the pit tier."

To Harcourt's amazement he heard a strange but subdued snarl from the questioner, like that of a wounded wild beast, yet, though startled, he turned his eyes towards the box to which his attention had been thus drawn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

KASHMIR BEAUTIES.

The beauty of Kashmir women has long been famous in the East, but travelers tell us that if you want to see beautiful Kashmiris do not go to Kashmir to look for them. They have all fine eyes, and "the eyes of Kashmir" have been justly celebrated in Eastern poetry; but that is almost the only feminine attraction to be found in the country, even among dancing-girls and boat-girls. As to the ordinary women, there is too much sad truth in Victor Jacquemont's outburst against them—"Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Kashmir. [He had not been in Tibet!] The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common ranks—those one sees in the streets and fields—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Punjab and India." A good deal of that traffic still goes on, notwithstanding the law which forbids women and mares to be taken out of the country; and as it has gone on for generations, it is easily explicable how the women of Kashmir should be so ugly. A continuous process of eliminating the pretty girls and leaving the ugly ones to continue the race, must lower the standard of beauty. But the want of good condition strikes one more painfully in Kashmir, than the want of beauty. The aquiline noses, long chins, and long faces of the women of Kashmir, would allow only of a peculiar and rather Jewish style of beauty; and even that is not brought out well by the state of their *physique;* for the most beautiful woman in the world would not show to advantage if she were imperfectly washed, and dressed in the ordinary feminine attire of Kashmir—a dirty, whitish cotton gown.

THERE is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which by kindly thought may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest amount of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility attaching to the manner of spending it.

Do not use evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE ANCIENTS.

The moderns who are showing such extravagant taste for art have by no means reached the appreciativeness of the ancients. Zeuxis grew so rich that he refused to sell more pictures, and gave them away to cities; and Nicias declined an offer from Attalus of £15,000 for a single picture. Apelles received £5,000 for a portrait of Alexander, and gave £12,500 for each picture Protogenes had in his studio. Julius Cæsar gave £20,000 for two pictures of single figures, one Ajax and the other Medea; and M. Agrippa paid to the municipality of Cyzicus £10,000 for two more. Lucius Mummius refused £52,000 for a picture of "Father Bacchus," which he had seized in Greece, and Tiberius gave 60,000 *sestertia*, or nearly half a million, for a picture by Parrhasius. Cicero argued that Verres had compelled Heius, a rich Sicilian, to part with a little bronze Cupid by Praxiteles because Verres bought it for only £1,068; and Nicomedes offered to pay off the public debt of Cnidus—"*quod erat ingens*," says Pliny—if the citizens would give him Praxiteles' statue of Venus in return, and was refused because it was the glory of the city. But what shall we say of Lollia Paolina, the rival of Agrippina, whose dresses alone were valued at £332,916? Nero gave nineteen millions in presents—rather more than Louis Quatorze spent upon Versailles; and there was Pallas, the curled darling and lover of Agrippina, who was enormously rich, and to whom Juvenal alludes as a type of wealthy men, in the line "*Ego possideo plus Pallanto et Licinio.*" He left a handsome estate in land of some £2,921,875. Then there was Seneca, the philosopher and moralist, who always preached the virtues of poverty and self-denial, and professed the virtues of stoicism, who left about the same amount given to him in great part, by Nero and Lentulus, whose real estate amounted to about £8,229,106, and Isodoros, who disposed by will of 416 slaves, 3,660 yoke of oxen, and 257,000 other cattle. These were all fairly well off, one might say; but apparently Marcus Scaurus was superior to them all in wealth. These fortunes are perfectly possible, if we recollect that the wealth of a plundered world was in the hands of a few Roman nobles; but it must be remembered that in those days all statistics were more or less inaccurate, that even now a popular estimate of a man's wealth is often ludicrously exaggerated, and that a Roman household consisting of slaves, and food to a Roman noble costing scarcely anything, his surplus could all be devoted to the competition of luxury.

PARISIAN DAINTIES.

A Parisian dinner-party is far less conducive to indigestion than is one of ours. Not only are the courses fewer, but the viands are less rich in quality, and are served in smaller portions. Delicacy of flavor, and not solidity, is the result aimed at by a true French *cordon bleu*. There is also considerable taste and ingenuity displayed in serving the ices, which are brought to the table in all manner of pretty and fanciful forms. Thus, at one dinner-party a basket formed of brown *nougat* was handed round. It was filled with apricots moulded in peach-tinted ice, and of delicious apricot flavor. At another, the basket was of white *nougat*, and the ice-cream was colored and moulded to represent pink and crimson roses. On another occasion a large silver dish was borne in, on which was placed a bundle of asparagus, the stalks held together by a broad blue satin ribbon. The ribbon was untied, the stalks fell apart, and one was served to each guest, together with a rich sauce from a silver sauce-boat. The asparagus stalk was composed of vanilla ice-cream and the green part of *pistacchio* ice, while the sauce was a delicately flavored cream. The imitation of the vegetable was perfect in every particular, and was thoroughly deceptive. The floral decorations at dinner parties are usually on a far less extensive scale than with us. A single basket, tastefully arranged for the centre of the table, is considered quite sufficient, except on occasions of extra magnificence and importance.

ABOUT THE EYE.—To those who can read aright, the eye is wonderfully expressive. Fulness of the eye, causing a bulging of the lower eyelid, is the well-known sign of language. Persons with this sign large have not only a speaking eye, but also a speaking tongue; whereof their fellows do not long remain in ignorance. A general protection of fulness of the eye above and below, which brings the eyeball forward on a line with the face and eyebrow, denotes the quality of physical perception, or the capacity to see quickly whatever appears upon the surface of things. A person with such an eye, on entering a room for the first time, would note rapidly the shape size, arrangement, and general appearance of the different articles of furniture in it, the color of the walls, curtains, etc.; take in with equal facility the features, the color of eyes and hair, size, and appearance of any person who might be present. In looking at a picture such a person would at once incline to examine the details of color, number, grouping, attitude, and costume of the figures composing it.

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THE MOTHER TONGUE.—An English clergyman and a Lowland Scotsman visited one of the best schools in Aberdeen. They were strangers, but the master received them civilly, and inquired: "Would you prefer that I should speer these boys, or that you should speer them yourselves?" The English clergyman having ascertained that to speer meant to question, desired the master to proceed. He did so with great success, and the boys answered satisfactorily numerous interrogations as to the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The clergyman then said he would be glad in his turn to speer the boys, and at once began. "How did Pharaoh die?" There was a dead silence. In this dilemma the Lowland gentleman interposed. "I think, sir, the boys are not accustomed to your English accent; let me try what I can make of them." And he inquired in his broad Scotch, "Hoo did Phawraoah dee?" Again there was a dead silence; upon which the master said, "I think, gentlemen, you can't speer these boys; I'll show you how I do it." And he proceeded: "Fat cam to Phawraoah at his hinder end?" The boys answered: "He was drooned;" and a smart little fellow added: "Ony lassie could hae told you that."

A GREAT MANY PERSONS suffer from sleeplessness; and it doesn't help the matter at all to know that *insomnia* is the technical name of the trouble. Various remedies have been proposed for this affection. Dr. Franklin advised sufferers to get up and walk about the room in the airy drapery of night. Counting a thousand or any great number; imagining that you see a flock of sheep, one by one, jumping over a fence; reading ——'s last book of poems; breathing steadily from the nostrils, and fancying the breath is seen coming from them—all these and a thousand other remedies have been recommended by the wise and tried by the wakeful. And now Mr. Frank Buckland, the clever naturalist, has discovered that there is nothing like eating two or three raw onions before going to bed. Those who cannot swallow them may have them stewed; but whether the sleep which they bring will be balmy is a question. But should this fail, Mr. Buckland advises the heroic treatment of eating hard-boiled eggs, with a plenty of bread and cheese, before retiring. If nothing more, this will insure the sight of your grandmother before morning.

OF this be certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life as tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

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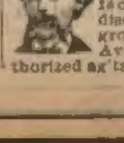

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The Ladies' Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

It is surprising to note the number and variety of pretty and inexpensive summer fabrics that flood the markets now-a-days. It is only necessary to possess a little taste, and judgment as to the fitness of things, and whether they are becoming or not, to get up a stylish wardrobe with a very moderate purse. The prevailing fashions of dress and headgear are of so many different kinds that they are readily imitated at home. The ecru and drab laces that trim so prettily the overskirts and basques of the similarly tinted Hamburg cloth and Mexicaines are to be had on every side, for the same price that we formerly paid for the simplest gimp or mixed fringe. This is a step in the right direction on the part of our merchants, as by such means even in these panic days they can get rid of their season's stock.

We especially admire the Hamburg wrought fabrics for overdresses. Two that we saw, in different shades of drab, we shall describe in this number as being well worthy of imitation.

One was wrought to represent what used to be known as the "coach-wheel" in hand embroidery, and was made a deep square apron with sash ends of the same, edged with lace to match in tint, and a very excellent imitation of Irish lace in pattern. These sash ends were wide and full, and were drawn up in two puffs by means of tapes underneath. Two large bows of silk were placed just below each puff. The basque to this overskirt had half-flowing sleeves edged with lace, and trimmed up the outer seam with bows of ribbon to match the bows that looped or held in place the sashes at the back. Similar bows closed the front, while a pleated collar of silk finished the neck.

The other overdress had a tint of ecru in it, and was rather of an arabesque pattern. The apron front was rounded, and trimmed with three rows of a mixed lace of ecru and drab, guipure pattern. These rows were put on to simulate three aprons. The back, one deep wide breadth, was looped by means of a wide sash of ribbon—drab colored, with ecru fringe. The basque was sleeveless, deep in front and on the hips, and trimmed with lace to correspond with that upon the skirt. A standing ruche of lace coming down in the middle of the back in a jabot, surrounds the neck.

We mentioned in a previous number the popularity of loose mantelets. They are worn of silk and cashmere, barathea, and as the season advances will be made of net, trimmed with velvet, passamenterie, jet, lace, etc.

A very pretty one was of fine cashmere, cut dolman shape, and trimmed with eight or nine narrow folds of faille; at the edge a deep fall of thread lace. The folds of faille were put on at the neck to simulate a deep Byron collar, and a row of lace outlined it.

Basques of black faille and gros grain are also much worn, some tight-fitting, others loose or half-loose.

A very stylish costume in gros grain, suitable for the promenade or traveling, was made in quite a unique fashion. The lower skirt had one very deep flounce, fully sixteen inches, with a gathered ruffle four inches wide on the lower edge, and an upright one at the top. The upper part was cut to represent a deep basque or polonaise, tight-fitting in front, and held in position by a band under the material, which fastened in the back. A long scarf of silk, consisting of two widths, hemmed with blind stitching, was laid in box plaits at the neck, directly in the back. A row of very rich jet passamenteries outlined a yoke upon it; from thence it fell free, and presented a graceful and striking effect. The sleeves were tight-fitting to the elbow, from which point a frill box-plaited on, and six inches in depth, fell. A double bow of gros grain was placed at the elbow on the outer seam.

Very neat suits, or parts of suits, of gray undressed linen, are shown in our furnishing stores, for the most moderate prices.

The apron overdress and basque, trimmed with a bias fold and a linen fringe to match, are exceedingly popular for traveling purposes—even more so than the duster, for these overdresses are made quite long, and are of ample fulness; are looped by means of tapes, and when let down quite covers the lower skirt. These overdresses and basques are also to be had in braided linen, or else embroidered in the India stitch with woolen thread.

We must not omit to mention the pretty garden hats now so popular for country wear and fresh faces. The shape is pretty much the same, shading the eyes well. The material for covering the frame may be Swiss muslin, batiste, or organdy. A very charming one of fine Swiss muslin, was shirred on the frame, and lined inside with pale pink silk. A scarf of the same silk encircled the crown, while a cluster of syringa blossoms was placed on the left side. A similar cluster was put under the rim in front.

Another, of white organdy, was lined with blue, and had a cluster of pink moss rose buds under the rim at the left side; long streamers of black velvet gave a stylish finish to it.

A simpler one was of a pale shade of fine gray batiste, lined with pink. No trimming on the outside but bows of the batiste, gray lined with pink.

Large sun hats of wide Panama braid, trimmed with either black ribbon or velvet and silver buckles, are considered stylish for the sea-side. Sometimes a band of ribbon is passed across the crown and tied over the ears and under the chin in a double bow.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The fine black and white silk twills have made their appearance in the shop windows, but as yet have but little popularity. They savor too much of the traditional "old maid" to meet with approval of our fresh young belles.

Heavily corded belts of faille and gros grain, with jet or plated buckles, are fashionably worn—beaded and many clasped ones are not so desirable.

Charming breakfast caps of crepe lisse, trimmed with ribbon or black velvet, are the newest styles.

The hair is worn in low soft knots, just above the nape of the neck, at the back; while the front hair is either crepe, and loosely drawn back, or rolled in finger puffs.

The most stylish fans are black silk without any ornaments or painting.

Linen waists, in broad plaits, are shown in ecru drab and a light gray; they are considered more *distingue* for morning wear than the white.

Hernanis for overdresses are shown in broad plaids of purple, green or blue bars upon a black ground; they are in questionable taste we think, however.

A favorite neck tie is made of two pieces of ecru lace sewed together, and the joining hid by a narrow black velvet ribbon.

A new material for overdresses is of an unbleached or drab color, a mixture of linen and woolen, or cotton and woolen stuff; the ground work or mesh is open, resembling hernani; the filling is in little knots, raised above the surface. It is said to wear well, and looks stylish.

The Spanish lace scarfs are not worn so long as they were last summer.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

KITTY AND LOTTIE.—We can furnish the patterns of the aprons described in our last. They will be much worn.

ANNETTE L.—The chatelaine pockets will be again worn, but have lost their novelty, and consequently are not often alluded to. Your black silk polonaise can readily be altered into an apron overskirt and basque.

MISS L. R.—Make your brown silk and ecru pongee suit in this wise: Put a deep flounce on the silk underskirt, the bottom of which you may trim with either a narrow knife pleating or gathered ruffle. Head with a puff and two standing ruffles. Make the overskirt a deep full apron, with a wide sash end of the material, looped with wide brown silk sashes. Trim the bottom of your overdress with either a knife pleating of brown silk, or gathered ruffle. Have the sleeves of the silk puffed around the arm; let the basque be a sleeveless one, deeper in front and at the sides than in the back. You may edge the basque with a knife pleating of silk, or else cord it with silk—this latter is more elegant, we think. Make your collar or standing ruff of silk. Use brown silk crochet buttons to close the front, or else brown ribbon bows. Trim your large Leghorn flat with a white silk scarf; a knot of field flowers at the left side, and your white plume across the back. Very happy to answer your questions.

NIXON.

A BACKWOODS' ROMANCE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"There's goin' to be a meetin' down to the schoolhouse to-night to see about havin' a singin'-school," shouted young Josi' Baker, bursting into the room where the Baker family were eating supper, after the fashion of a small hurricane. "The teacher he come there this afternoon, an' said as how he wanted the app'intment given out all over. I 'low there'll be a smart turn out, an' we'll hev heaps o' fun. He's a cute-lookin' chap, I reckon. You'll hev to keep a sharp look out, Seth Brand, or he'll cut you out with Nance. I know she'll fall smack in love with him the fust thing. The schoolma'am *she* did. 'Golly! You'd orter 'a seen her look sweet at him!"

"I just wish you'd shet up," said Nancy, with sisterly tenderness. "You be the biggest fool!"—with a sidelong glance in the direction of Seth, their "hired man," who was rather enjoying the confusion expressed in her blushing face, called out by Josi's sally.

If it had been in these days, he would have most likely responded by saying that she "was another;" as it was, he passed over the compliment in silent contempt, and went on to give a glowing and authentic account of the singing teacher's manners and looks, and made him out to be a combination of Adonis and Chesterfield.

"I s'pose you'd like to go down, wouldn't you?" said Seth to Nancy, after supper.

"Yes, I should," answered Nancy. "I reckon there'll be a heap o' young folks there."

And so Seth and Nancy walked down to the little schoolhouse together just at dusk. Seth had never asked Nancy to be Mrs. Brand some day, but his actions had said as much, and she had given him to understand in the same way that "Barkis was willin'." It was accordingly taken for granted among the neighbors that Seth and Nancy "were goin' to make a match." When they got to the schoolhouse, it was pretty well filled. The teacher was there. He was a sharp-looking fellow, with a not unhandsome face. He had evidently seen enough of the world, and life in its different phases, to feel at home anywhere, and he accommodated himself to his surroundings with a facility that made a favorable impression on most people present.

"Ain't he handsome?" whispered Nancy to Seth.

"Not in my opinion," answered Seth. "I think he's got a real mean, ugly look about him. He don't look 's if he was actin' out his nat'ral disposition."

At which Nancy fired up, and retorted that she "hated to see folks al'ays so suspicious of others, jest as if they was jellous."

"If anybody's fool enough to fancy that chap," answered Seth, with warmth, "he's welcome to their regards; *I* don't want 'em, I'm sure."

Just here the cause of this little tiff called the meeting to order, and there was no further chance for quarreling.

At recess Nancy was introduced to Mr. Eastwood, and kept up a rattling conversation with him until singing began again.

When the school was dismissed, Seth, smarting a little from the effects of Nancy's remark, waited at the door for her to come out. He wasn't going to crowd himself in to ask her if he might see her home; if she thought he would do so, she was much mistaken. She couldn't wind him round her little finger. While he was thinking these very pleasant thoughts, out came Nancy, hanging to the singing teacher's arm, and smilingly oblivious of the existence of any other man on the face of the earth. The sight stung Seth so that before he knew what he was doing he had stepped up and asked Hetty Green, a girl he "hated wuss'n p'ison," he had often averred, if he might see her home, and stalked off with her on his arm, feeling in anything but an entertaining mood.

The next morning Nancy was cool and distant, and Seth resolved that he could be as cool as she could, and wouldn't speak to her when he could avoid doing so. The fact that the singing school teacher was coming to board in the family did not help to soothe Seth's feelings much.

"If she wants to flirt with him, I'm willin'," said Seth, savagely, to himself. "She didn't use me right, an' I'm agoin' to show her I ain't to be bamboozled by anybody. If she thinks more o' him than she does o' me, all right. That's her priv'lege, I s'pose."

"Have you heard the news?" said Uncle Joe Benson—uncle to the whole settlement—dropping in at Mr. Baker's early one morning, "Samuel lost both his hosses las' night."

"You don't say?" exclaimed Mr. Baker, in surprise. "What was the matter with 'em?"

"Hoss thieves was the matter with 'em," answered Uncle Joe. "I hadn't dreamed o' such a thing as hoss thieves in this yere part o' the kentry afore."

Of course everybody was wild with excitement. In those days horse stealing was regarded as the acme of villainy.

Men and boys turned out and hunted the country over for miles, but no trace was found of the lost horses.

About a week after that another span was lost. People were thunderstruck. Had they horse thieves in their midst? It began to look so. A vigilance committee was formed, and every precaution taken to guard against further depredations by the unknown thieves.

Two weeks went by, and no further losses were reported. Owners of horses began to breathe a trifle easier.

It was Saturday afternoon; Seth had been talking for some time of visiting his brother, who lived about six miles from Mr. Baker's, and concluded that he would go over and spend the night there. So about four o'clock he took his gun and set off. He went through the woods, and, as there was plenty of game to amuse him, it was dark before he reached his destination. When he got there he found that there was no one at home.

He looked around, and finally made up his mind that the family had gone somewhere to spend the evening. Feeling rather sleepy, he laid down on a bench by the door and fell asleep. It was quite late when he awoke. As his brother had not returned, he concluded that they were not coming back that evening, and resolved to start for home. It would be late when he reached Mr. Baker's, but he could sleep in the barn.

He took the road on his return. He was about half way between the two settlements, when he thought he heard the sound of horses' feet, and stopped to listen.

"It is horses, sure enough," he said, after listening for a minute or two, "and they're coming this way. Maybe there's some more hoss thieves about. I'll keep dark and see."

He hid himself behind a clump of bushes on the bank of a small creek that ran across the road, and waited.

Presently the horses came in sight. There were two of them. Each one had a rider.

"Hoss thieves, I'll bet a Continental," whispered Seth to himself. "I'll be cussed if it don't look like Billy and Kate."

Billy and Kate were Mr. Baker's horses.

"It *is* Billy and Kate!" exclaimed Seth, as the horses came nearer. He was so excited that he could hardly keep still. His fingers played nervously with the trigger of his gun. If there was anything in the world he hated more than Mr. Eastwood, it was a horse thief.

The horses came out of the shadow, and their riders brought them to a halt on the bank of the creek, where the moon shone down through the trees. Seth's heart gave a great leap, and his pulse ran up to a hundred beats with the wild excitement that took possession of him when he saw who one of the men was.

It was Eastwood, the singing teacher!

It was all Seth could do to keep from shooting him on the spot.

Presently the men urged the horses into the creek, and headed them to the west. Like a flash the truth came to Seth. They followed the creek up till they came to the great swamp, some eight or ten miles away. There was probably their headquarters.

He waited until they were out of hearing, and then started on a run for home. He roused Mr. Baker and told him what had taken place. That worthy could scarcely credit Seth's story, until he went to the barn and saw for himself that the horses were gone.

"Where's Eastwood?" asked Seth.

"He went off to town this afternoon," answered Mr. Baker.

"Yes, I rayther guess he did," said Seth, mysteriously.

It was short work to raise the neighbors. They armed themselves with all sorts of weapons, and set off in the middle of the night to track the horse thieves to their rendezvous.

It was just daybreak when they reached the swamp. It was as Seth had surmised. After reaching the soft, swampy ground the trail left the creek and was easily followed. About two miles further on they came upon the camp of the desperadoes. The horses were picketed to trees, and the thieves were fast asleep, after their night's work, dreaming that they were secure.

Seth and another stalwart fellow crept up and secured the two men before they were awake enough to comprehend what was going on.

A wild shout of rage went up from the frontiersmen when they recognized in one of the thieves the singing teacher.

"Hang him!" cried Samuel Benson, hoarsely. "That's the fate of hoss thieves, the world over."

"Yes, hang him," shouted another. "Hang him! hang him!" went up from a dozen throats.

Seth tried to interfere, but he might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind in its fury.

* * * * *

"They're coming," cried Nancy, from the front door, about ten o'clock that Sabbath morning. "And oh, ma'am! they've got Kate and Billy, sure's you're alive; an' they've ketched one o' the men, an' got him with 'em." And, too excited to wait for their arrival to learn the tidings, Nancy ran to meet them.

"Didn't you get the other one?" she cried. "You know you said las' night that there was two."

"Yes, we got him," answered Seth; "he's hangin' twenty feet high on an old cypress tree in the big swamp."

"Good enough for him," said Nancy. "Served him jest right."

"You don't ask who it was," said Seth, looking at her, curiously.

"Land! why should I?" cried Nancy. "Tain't likely as how it was anybody I ever see or heerd of."

"But it was," said Seth.

"You don't say!" cried Nancy, excitedly. "Who! for gracious sake?"

"No less a person than your singin' teacher," answered Seth, with a savage delight in his face.

Nancy turned deadly pale, and then fell to the ground in a dead faint.

* * * * *

Six months later there was no such a person in the settlement as Nancy Baker. She had become Mrs. Seth Brand. From which we are to infer that their difficulty was settled amicably.

THE ILLUSTRATED LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Our bouquet this week differs from those hitherto given, by being highly uncomplimentary; and expressing not love or admiration, but the very reverse. It is a declaration of the aversion or dislike of the sender towards the receiver for certain qualities which he or she possesses (for, alas, levity and falsehood are faults to which persons of both sexes may be prone). We should be inclined to think that this floral missive is one struck off in the heat of a lover's quarrel. It may be that the gentleman has sent some falsely flattering or discourteously familiar declaration to the lady, such as would call forth this display of indignation.

Or it may be the lady has given some cause for complaint by returning falseness for fidelity, and thus drawing upon herself a just rebuke.

It is less our business to speculate upon what may have been the exact purport of the question, than to explain the floral significance of the answer.

The Larkspur, the emblem of lightness and levity, is a beautiful flower, and the variety and brilliancy of its colors ranks it among the most splendid ornaments of the garden.

It owes its name to the form of its seed-vessel, which bears a strange resemblance to the joints and claws of a bird's foot.

John Clare, the peasant-poet, speaks of—

"The tall-topped larks-heels feathered thick with flowers."

It is called the Little Spur by the Italians, and the Knight's Spur by the French.

The wild Larkspur grows in many parts of Europe, and is of a great variety of colors.

Linnæus, the great naturalist, was of opinion that the Larkspur was the Hyacinth of the poets, but in this he was in error. What the ancients called Hyacinth was most probably the Martagon Lily, but we shall speak of this when we have occasion to speak of Hyacinths.

The Woody Nightshade is called also the Bitter-Sweet, because the roots are at first bitter to the taste, but afterwards sweet. The berries, as well as the leaves and stem, are poisonous, and many children have been killed or much injured by plucking and eating those which grow on the hedges. Yet this treacherous flower is considered the emblem of truth.

The Deadly Nightshade (which is the species represented in our engraving) is, on the contrary, symbolical of falsehood, enchantment, and magic spells.

It has a purplish flower, large black berries, and is frequently found growing among ruins, or in damp, shady, and sequestered spots, as if, like falsehood, it shunned discovery.

The Single Indian Pink is the emblem of aversion, and the Yellow Pink signifies disdain. Pinks and Carnations are frequently spoken of indiscriminately, but florists recognise a distinction.

The Pinks are marked with an eye-like spot, and are smaller than the Carnations.

The word Carnation is said to be from the Latin for flesh-color, and Spenser makes it mean coronation.

"Bring hither the Pink and Purple Columbine,
Bring *Coronations* and *Sops-in-Wine*,"

this last being also a poetical name for flowers of this species.

The Greek appellation of the Pink was *Dianthus*, signifying the flower of Jove, and it was thus honored on account of its fragrance, or, according to others, for its beauty. All varieties of this flower have both advantages.

"The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our Carnations and Sweet Gilli-flowers."

The Roman Catholics have a calendar, or catalogue, of flowers for every day in the year, each of which is dedicated to the particular saint whose festival the day happens to be. Thus the *Dianthus chinensis*, or Indian Pink, is devoted to St. Quirinus, a bishop of the early Christian church, who died in the year 304.

We have annexed some appropriate replies to the floral sentence in the engraving, mostly of a remonstrative or conciliatory nature.

"Abuse not" (Crocus). "Do me justice" (Sprig of Chestnut tree). "I am worthy of you" (White Rose). "I claim at least your esteem" (Potentilla). "Hopeless but not heartless" (Love Lies Bleeding). "Resolved to be noticed" (Sipho-campylos). "Thy frown will kill me" (Currant).

If, however, it is desired to keep up the quarrel, the following are expressive: "Capricious beauty" (Lady's Slipper). "Ill-natured beauty" (Citron). "Estranged love" (Lotus). "Retaliation" (Scotch Thistle). "I declare war against you" (Wild Tansy). "No reconciliation" (Hazelbranch, reversed). "Error" (Orchis). "Disdain" (Rue).

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DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Peter the Great. Love till Death. The Robbers' Haunt. The Last Trail. Warned by a Ghost. "Never to Know." Doubt no More. The Western Mail Boy. My Mother.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

TENOR.—A lemon sliced in brown sugar, or the yolk of an egg, is an excellent thing to strengthen the voice before singing.

H. C. A.—Whatever your friends may say, when you meet a gentleman whom you know, walking with one or more ladies, with whom you are not acquainted, you must bow to them by respectfully raising your hat as you pass.

TARIFF.—Your questions are on a subject which we do not care about discussing in these columns. We can answer one of them, however, by saying that England has not what is called a protective tariff. She has a tariff only on liquors, tobacco, and a few other articles for revenue only.

S. A. F. (Wyandotte).—Even if we knew "a sure remedy to cure blushing" we should keep it most carefully to ourselves, for we believe that nothing adds a greater charm to the features of a young lady than a blush. It bespeaks innocence, and we cannot see how you can call it "horrid" and "disgusting."

BLUE EYES.—There is only one inference which we can draw from the young man's conduct—he is deeply in love with you, but either his modesty or a want of confidence prevents him declaring it. If you are favorably disposed towards him, a very slight encouragement on your part will induce him to speak.

X. Y. Z.—Joe Miller, whose jests are proverbs wherever the English language is spoken, died at the age of 54, in the year 1738, and was buried in the old cemetery belonging to St. Clement Danes, in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, in a grave, the head-stone of which was during many summers, until recently, regularly embowered and concealed by sunflowers.

L. M. D.—All degrees of cousins may legally marry. There are some stated physiological objections to the marriage of first cousins; but the medical faculty are divided in opinion on the subject; and, in the meantime, first cousins marry almost every day. The idea that you speak of, that first cousins may marry and second cousins may not, is a popular absurdity.

AWKWARD.—Upon being introduced to a lady, it is not according to the rules of etiquette to shake hands with her. Shaking hands is a proof of intimacy. Neither does a full-room introduction necessarily admit of subsequent recognition in the street at a strange place of meeting. It is merely an introduction for the evening, unless the lady chooses to consider it otherwise.

SCHOOLBOY.—"Can you tell me what the marks on lead pencils H, HHH, HB, ect., mean? for I suppose they have a meaning of some kind." These letters represent the quality of the pencil. Thus H signifies hard, repeated twice or thrice as—HH and HHH, it means harder, and very hard; B means black; HB, hard and black; BB and BBB, blacker and very black; FS signifies fine stroke.

EBONY CASKET.—The motto "In hoc signo vinces," "in this sign thou shalt conquer," was, we believe, first used by the Emperor Constantine. It is asserted by church writers that a shining cross, two miles in length, was seen in the heavens by Constantine, and that thereupon he adopted it on his standards, with the above inscription. With these he advanced with his armies on Rome, where he vanquished Maxentius, October 27th, 312.

O. J. H. (Westchester).—A gentleman cannot with propriety introduce himself to a lady; and no lady who entertains any respect for herself would allow a gentleman thus to form her acquaintance. A young gentleman may fancy that a young lady whom he is often accustomed to meet at church, out walking, or elsewhere, would be pleased if he could only manage to become acquainted with her; but he must ask the aid of some mutual friend.

JOE. C. S. (Wisconsin).—We are afraid the lady was wishing for some excuse to quarrel with you, as the pretext she gives is too flimsy and groundless. You had better not be too importunate about making up; you have already said quite sufficient, even had you been guilty of any offence against her, which we do not see, however, that you have been. (2). Keep the lock of hair, if that is any satisfaction. As she did not give it to you, it is not required of you to return it.

H. F. G. (W. Va).—The best advice we can give you, in starting life, after your marriage is to follow the example of little fishes, who seem to have the most sensible ideas of a start in life—they all begin on a small scale. We know and admit that it is hard for a young couple who have been like you have, brought up in comfort, and perhaps even luxury, to go backward in the social scale, and begin according to their means. But it is better to do so at first gracefully, than to have to come to it after a brief period of luxurious living; in that case, the last start is apt to be worse than the first.

THEOLOGICAL STUDENT.—"Why were the 'Bridgewater Treatises' so called?" The Earl of Bridgewater, who died in April, 1829, left by will the sum of £8,000 ($40,000) to be given to eight persons to be appointed by the President of the Royal Society, who should write essays "on the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Creation." These essays were written by Sir Charles Bell, Dr. Chalmers, John Kidd, William Buckland, William Prout, Peter Roget, and the Revs. William Whewell and William Kirby, and were published in 1833 under the title of the "Bridgewater Treatises."

W. L. H. (Richmond, Va.)—"What is this Oroide metal from which so many trinkets are made now-a-days? Can you tell me of what it is composed? Oroide is made of pure copper 100 parts, tin 17 parts, magnesia 16 parts, sal ammoniac ½ part, quicklime ½ part, tartar of commerce 9 parts. The copper is first melted, then the magnesia, sal ammoniac, lime, and tartar in powder are added little by little and briskly stirred for half an hour. The tin is lastly mixed in in grains, until all is fused. The crucible is covered, and the fusion maintained for 35 minutes, when the dross is skimmed off and the alloy is ready for use.

DESPONDENT.—Don't give up the struggle to break yourself of the habit, which you know you say is injurious. The very fact of your having broken your resolution so many times only shows how strong a hold the habit has taken on you, and how much need there is for you to strive. Avoid the places, the persons and the thoughts that lead to the temptation, and frequent only those places and associate only with those persons that will lead you away from temptation. You must not think it a little or an easy thing that you have undertaken. You cannot expect to break off a bad habit in a day which has been gathering strength in you for years.

J. R. B. (Wilmington).—We are not sure that a "perpetual motion" would be of any more real use to mankind, could it be realized, than a "philosopher's stone" to turn common metals into gold, or an "elixir of life" to make us live here, on earth, youthful and forever. All these romantic idealisms are of the same character. They are equally beyond human reach, and would be equally valueless, if attainable. Could we make gold at pleasure, it would become too common to be estimable. Could we enjoy continuous youth and health, both would become disgusting in their monotony. Could we produce motion without rest, and employ it practically as a *motor*, the changes it would effect would eventually counterbalance its advantages, and leave us no better off than we were before.

PHIL STANLEY.—Yes, at the Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, and for any information you may desire on the subject, we would advise you to write direct to the Principal. 2. The following States have agricultural colleges, according to the Census Report of 1870: Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Vermont and Wisconsin, one in each State; and in Illinois two. Neither Indiana nor West Virginia had any. 3. We can send for the book you wish on receipt of $1.50. 4. Yes; twenty-five would be too old.

A BOY READER OF THE POST.—The Navy Department have lately stationed Receiving ships at New York, Portsmouth, (N. H.), and perhaps other places that we are not aware of, expressly for boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, to be trained for the naval service under specified regulations. They must come with the consent of their parents or guardians, be of robust frame, intelligent, healthy constitutions, and five feet one inch without shoes. The education will only comprise plain English branches, alternating with practical seamanship and other professional occupations designed to prepare them to be sailors in the navy. The boys are enlisted at the rate of $10.50 per month and one ration. They remain under instructions until they reach the age of twenty-one, when they will be enlisted in the service of the United States.

LOVER OF THE DRAMA.—The first regular theatrical company seen in America came from England in 1752, landed at York, Virginia, and by permission of Governor Dinwiddie, opened a playhouse at Williamsburg, the capital of the province. The first play performed in this country by a regular company was at that rude theatre, on Sept. 5, 1752. This company opened a theatre in Annapolis, in Maryland, the same year, and there the first regular theatre in America was erected. On the 17th September, 1753, the same company opened a theatre in New York. Hallam, who was the manager, was then asked to open a theatre in Philadelphia, and in 1754, he began in a store house with "The Fair Penitent." This was the beginning of theatricals in this country, a kind of popular amusement which has a strong hold upon the popular feeling.

IVANHOE thus writes: "I am much pleased with the SATURDAY EVENING POST, and think it is the best literary paper in the country. Every number contains a variety of interesting reading matter, and being printed with large, clear type, makes it very attractive to the eye, and easy for all members of the family to read. The Correspondents' Bureau and Receipts are two valuable departments not excelled by any other paper. One particular reason why I like the POST is because you do not publish so many continued stories at one time; and, if you should ever decide to make a change in this respect, I hope you will reduce the number still more instead of increasing it. To publish seven or eight stories at one time, as some papers are doing, necessitates short instalments, and only tends to confuse the minds of those who read them. If only two continued stories were published at one time, you could give longer instalments, and, during the year, publish just as many as you are now doing, besides it would be more satisfactory to the reader, making it much easier to remember the incidents from one week to another." We have published the letter as above the more willingly as it exactly coincides with our own views. We have long been of the opinion that our readers would be better satisfied with say three serials, and good long instalments of each, than with six or seven serials doled out in infinitesimal instalments. And now to answer your questions: 1. We will take your suggestion regarding "Good Friends" into consideration. 2. We have never ourselves read the book, but of course you cannot expect from such a work, and at such a price, to get any book that will give you really a good idea of the histories of different countries. 3. No; we do not extend the offer to mail subscribers. 4. Acetic acid is the sour principle of vinegar. The purest is that made by the oxidation of alcohol.

W. T. S. (Rossmont, Pa.)—"If not asking for too much of your valuable space, I should like to know something about Mahomet, the prophet, and what kind of a religion he established. Also what religion did the Arabs profess before Mahomet's time." The Arabs, before the mission of Mahomet, were Sabeans, or worshippers of the stars. To the distinguished tribe of the Koreish belonged the charge of a black stone, which was regarded as the national palladium, and was kept at Mecca. To this tribe belonged Mahomet, who, through his intercourse with the Jews and Christians, learnt to prefer Monotheism to the Polytheism of his countrymen. After attaining an independent position by a marriage with a rich widow, he gave himself up for a while to a life of religious retirement, and in his fortieth year re-appeared with the doctrine that there was but one God, and that he, Mahomet, was his prophet. At first he not only found but few adherents, but a riot forced him to leave Mecca for Medina on the 16th July, 622, from which, as the Hegyra or *Flight of Mahomet*, the Mahometans compute their years, as we Christians from the birth of Christ. While at Medina he composed some of the fragments of which the holy book called the Koran consists. Shortly afterwards he was acknowledged throughout Asia as the appointed messenger of the Deity, and after his death, in the year 632, his tomb became the resort for pilgrims. The religion which he left behind him taught the unity of God as the creator and preserver of the universe, the resurrection of the dead, and a life hereafter in which the good would be rewarded and the bad punished. To the ceremonials of the faith belong frequent ablutions, and offering of five prayers daily, fasting, and pilgrimages to Mecca. The giving of alms was commended, polygamy within certain limits was allowed, and wine and pork were prohibited. A very practical precept of the Koran was the duty of diffusing the true doctrine by fire and sword, if necessary, and all who died in the pious cause were promised a paradise full of sensual delights.

A. N. G. (Madison).—"How are Coral Islands elevated above the sea?" It is a marvel how such tiny insects as the coral insects, *Polypes*, as they are called, can make such dangerous reefs, on which many a vessel has been lost, and even build up new islands. It appears that each successive generation of them builds its habitation above those of the ones who have gone before, thus the mass continues rising, the lower part being dead and uninhabited, the upper surface full of life and animation; each little polype dwelling in its hole, and stretching out feelers, or, as they are called, *tentacula*, of varying length, which serve to catch the minute animalculæ on which it feeds. The same instinct which teaches this tiny worker always to add to its building in an upward direction, seems also to have induced it to choose the most favorable points for commencing the structure. A glance at the map of the Islands of the Pacific, so many of which are of coral origin, will show them to be apparently placed on the tops of ranges or groups of submarine mountains, and thus, though there are instances of coral reefs rising almost perpendicularly from a depth of twelve hundred feet, such is not often the case. When the mass of coral rises to low-water mark, the polypes no longer build upward, but other agencies come in to finish the embryo island; high tides and storms contribute broken pieces of rock, coral, sand, and sea-weeds; salt-plants vegetate on the reef, and sea-birds come and visit it; by degrees a soil is formed by the decay of vegetable substances, and the crumbling of mineral ones, from exposure to wet and a tropical sun, and then perchance some stray cocoanut, which may float long in the salt water without losing its vitality, is washed on shore, it takes root, and becomes the parent of a tropical forest; for, as soon as trees appear, the islands are visible from a distance, and land birds are attracted there, bringing with them the seeds of many land plants, till at last the coral reef becomes a fertile island, fitted in every way for the habitation of man. Many of these islands are either wholly or partially surrounded by a ring of coral rocks at some distance from the shore, which, though it renders the approach to them difficult, affords sheltered harbors which they could not otherwise possess. 2. "Goethe is pronounced "*Geh-tay*." 3. We cannot tell the origin of the name you refer to without breaking through a rule we have established of never touching on politics. 4. We once before several months ago answered this question; we will look up the subject again, and give you an answer next week. 5. We can procure you the work you want, viz: "Duncan's Practical Surveyor's Guide," on your sending us $1.50, which will include postage. 6. Yes, the Reports are still published.

MISCELLANEOUS.—N. E. W.—If you really love her, and she returns your love, and your friends are all willing, then we say, marry by all means. H. T. B.—We will not gratify your curiosity by informing you who our correspondents were, even if we could, for that would be a breach of faith quite unpardonable. MABEL.—To be enabled to advise you properly, we require to know in what direction your abilities lie. Write more fully, and we will endeavor to advise you for the best. GIPSY.—The difference between your ages is just about what it ought to be. L. L.—Do not, on any account, write to the young man again. If he really loves you, you will hear from him very soon. UNRECRUITED.—We should advise you to conquer the attachment you have formed, for it is very evident the young man regards you only as a friend—and nothing more. FANNY.—You will discover the signification of the flowers you name by reading our articles on the subject which we are publishing just now. SHADOWHAN.—We are not behind the scenes in theatrical matters, so cannot tell you whether the persons you inquire about are married or single. BERTHA.—*Naïveté* is a French word, and means simplicity. WIFE.—Cannot you try and accommodate your temper to that of your husband. At all events make the effort.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*